The Outlook

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The Outlook

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THE injunction trials last week both ended in decisions against the miners. In Pennsylvania, however, where the temporary injunction restraining the miners from marching in the vicinity of the De Armitt mines was made permanent, the court called attention to the fact, noted in these columns last week, that such marching was forbidden only when it had for its purpose the intimidation of miners still at work. As intimidation is clearly unlawful, the only complaint made by conservative labor sympathizers against this injunction is that it suspends the ordinary processes of law and substitutes government by the judiciary. As the Springfield "Republican" well says, if a judge can enjoin a great body of citizens from violating certain laws, why may he not enjoin all citizens from violating all laws, and take the Government into his own hands? In the West Virginia cases, however, the miners had a more serious grievance. About one hundred of them were arrested when endeavoring to dissuade the men employed in the Montana mine from returning to work. There had been no violence, but the deputy marshals naturally held that the strikers had violated Judge Jackson's sweeping injunction restraining them "from in any manner interfering" with employees "passing to and from their work." The strikers made no attempt to resist the Federal officers, but submitted quietly to arrest. Fortunately for good feeling among the miners, Judge Jackson did not preside at the trial for violating his injunction, and thus avoided the scandal of serving as "judge, plaintiff, party injured, and jury" in a case based upon the observance of his own decrees. His associate, Judge Goff, who did preside, decided that the strikers were guilty of contempt of court, since by marching they gave a show of force that might be construed as intimidation. The punishment he ordered was only three days' imprisonment, but the principle was upheld that the miners might be punished at the discretion of the court for violating Judge Jackson's order.

❀

Last week, for the first time since the beginning of the strike, definite steps were taken looking toward a settlement. The "uniformity agreement" proposed by President De Armitt is nowhere regarded as such a step. It was to be binding only when signed by ninety-five per cent. of the operators, and yet at the conference held at Cleveland last week only three of the twenty-five operators present had signed it. It was this conference which took the first action expressing a determination that the strike should end. A resolution was adopted offering the miners an advance of ten cents a ton (sixty-four cents), but stipulating that all present contracts entered into on the fifty-four-cent basis should be performed by miners receiving that rate of pay. In case the miners refused to accept these terms, it was further agreed that certain of the mines should be opened with non-union men, the owners of the rest helping to defray the exceptional running expenses of these mines. Senator Hanna declined to be a party to the latter portion of this agreement. The officials of the miners' union declined to accept the proffered terms, and three of the operators unofficially asked for a conference, expressing a readiness to arbitrate. After some negotiations a conference was agreed upon, but the prospect of arbitration was very much lessened by the apparent insistence of the operators that the men should return to

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work at the fifty-four-cent rate pending a decision of the arbitrators, and the insistence of the miners' union that the old sixty-nine-cent rate should be restored while the case was pending. The conference was set for the first part of the present week. The miners profess to be able to continue the strike for a much longer period. In Pittsburg contributions to aid them are being systematically raised. As usual, the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, and the heaviest contributors are the brewers. In Cincinnati, however, we are glad to notice that a public meeting has been called at which Dr. David H. Moore, of the Western "Christian Advocate," is to preside, and other ministers with strong labor sympathies are to speak for the cause of the miners.

❀

The Iowa Republican Convention at the time of its assembling seemed to be divided as to candidates and platform between elements favoring and opposing what are known as the railway interests. The most important question to be decided was whether or not the Republican Convention, like the Democratic, should explicitly demand a return to the old law forbidding railroads to make contracts exempting themselves from damages for accidents to their employees. The faction favored by the "railway interests" wished to avoid any declaration upon this question, and the Chairman of the Convention supported it on the ground that a declaration would create divisions in the party ranks. Many of the party managers took a similar position, but the popular sentiment in favor of the reform was so strong that a mild indorsement of it was finally made a part of the platform. As to candidates, the man regarded as the favorite of the railroads led upon the first ballot, but upon the fourth a candidate without a legislative record, but acceptable to the anti-monopolists, was nominated. On National issues the platform reaffirmed the St. Louis declarations of last year. For the first time in recent years nothing whatever was said in favor of international bimetallism. On the contrary, the Chairman of the Convention again and again declared that Iowa Republicanism stood for the maintenance of "the gold standard." The "middle-of-the-road" or anti-fusion Populists of the same State likewise held a convention last week, and nominated an independent ticket. Both in the platform adopted and in the speeches made the free coinage of silver was treated as a minor measure, which could accomplish nothing except a slight increase of the currency and corresponding rise of prices. The platform declared in favor of the public employment of the unemployed, the public ownership of monopolized industries, and direct legislation.

❀

The discussion of President Andrews's resignation has continued to gather in volume and gain in seriousness. In the academic world, we believe, no note of dissent has yet been heard from the position taken by the members of the Brown Faculty who protested against the action of the Trustees. The "Yale Review" feels keenly the blow that has been given to the authority of university teachers of political science. "The evil of such a course," it says, "would not be confined to the fact that it would discourage first-rate men from aspiring to a university career. . . . Utterances, especially on questions of the day, made by scholars would be universally suspected of being, not the real opinion of an honest and intelligent thinker, but the cautious deliverance of a toady." Harvard publishes no journal in which the collective sentiment of any part of the Faculty would naturally be expressed, but Professor Royce writes to the Boston "Transcript" a letter that fairly rings with righteous indignation. Professor Royce does not maintain that no limit should be set to a professor's liberty of teaching, but the declaration of the Trustees' committee at Brown, that President Andrews should be silenced because of the harm he did to the cash-box of the University, is resented as "an insult to every academic teacher in the country." "The committee," says Professor Royce, "have announced a principle which, if accepted, would render the whole struggle for academic health and honesty and influence a vain dream and a bad one." The alumni of Brown are generally taking this view, and nearly all realize the harm done to their college. At a meeting of Brown alumni at Chicago

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a protest against the action of the committee was unanimously indorsed. One of the recent classes has taken collective action in support of President Andrews, and a memorial asking the Trustees to reconsider their apparent position is being circulated among all the alumni. Meanwhile President Andrews has tentatively accepted the position of President of the Cosmopolitan University—a scheme of university extension work through correspondence which shall direct students in their reading on special themes.

❀

Doubt as to the future and suspicion as to the past continue to envelop the question whether the Dingley Bill levies a ten per cent. additional tax upon foreign goods shipped "in bond" through Canada into this country. If this tax is levied, it is, of course, prohibitory, and the Canadian Pacific can no longer compete with our own transcontinental lines in shipping imports from the Pacific to our North Central and New England States. The clause which seems to prohibit such competition declares that the discriminating duty shall apply to goods "which, being the production and manufacture of any foreign country not contiguous to the United States, shall come into the United States from a contiguous country." If Congress had intended to deny to American shippers the right to import goods over Canadian railways, it could not have worded a clause better to accomplish that purpose. But—and here lies the worst feature of the whole matter—Congress had no such conscious intention. As the Dingley Bill passed the House it contained no such clause, and it contained nothing of the sort when it passed the Senate. The clause to prevent competition with our Pacific roads was quietly inserted in the Conference Committee, and no mention was made of it when the bill was reported back to the two houses for formal acceptance. Nor is this all. Member after member of the Conference Committee denies all knowledge of the introduction of this clause; Mr. Reed and Mr. Dingley say they knew nothing of it, and everybody believes them because their State is one of those most injured by the clause. One or two members of the Senate Committee likewise deny all knowledge of it, and no one as yet admits that his hand served as catspaw for our Pacific railroad monopolies. The situation is scandalous in a high degree, and though it is doubtful whether Attorney-General McKenna has a right to declare the clause inoperative on the ground that Congress never intended to accept it, he is certainly to be commended for his indisposition to permit trickery to succeed. The fact that Canada may retaliate and prevent importations through New England is the least important consideration. If we are going to protect particular railroads, it should be done in the open.

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Last week the price of silver fell to 52 cents an ounce, or 40 cents for the bullion in a silver dollar. This price is less than half that of seven years ago, when the United States was converting into currency about $50,000,000 worth of silver a year, and India and Japan were coining about $30,000,000 more. Now the market value of the silver product of the whole world is barely $80,000,000. This decline in the relative value of silver has taken place in the face of an increase in the relative supply of gold, thus completely destroying the monometallist position that silver has fallen because of the increase in its production, and establishing the bimetallist position that it has fallen entirely through the decrease in the currency demand. This decline in price of course affects the bullion value of all the silver in the world, though the great bulk of it was mined when silver was worth in the neighborhood of $1.30 an ounce. The silver currency of the world, the bullion value of which was reckoned at about $3,000,000,000 seven years ago, is now worth as bullion less than $1,500,000,000. In India the effects of the fall have been peculiarly severe, for the Hindus have for generations put their savings into hoards of silver. Indian officials report to-day that the inability of the natives to sell their silver at anything like the old price adds greatly to the distress caused by the present famine. Unfortunately, the native stores are not in rupees, but in silver ornaments, and the value of these in rupees is but little more than one-half what it was when the Indian mints were closed in June, 1893. In the

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United States, France, and other countries on a mixed standard, the silver currency, being insufficient to supply the currency needs, is of course on a par with gold—the value of both being determined by the supply and demand for currency. In Mexico, however, where the unlimited coinage of silver has been continued, the value of silver coins has fallen with that of silver bullion. This has, of course, led to a great rise in prices, amounting to about twenty-five per cent. during the last year upon articles exported to or imported from gold-using countries. The natural effect of this has been to stimulate exports and check imports. In domestic trade prices change more slowly, but have risen very much. The marvelous increase in the receipts of Mexican railroads, reported recently in these columns, was, of course, measured in silver currency.

❀

Again last week there was a new high record for wheat as well as a new low record for silver. The price of cash wheat in New York advanced to $1.11 a bushel, and September wheat (wheat delivered in September) to $1.05½. Such an upward price movement has not occurred for six years. While the advance is welcomed as promising a relief from "hard times," the words of a contemporary should be borne in mind: "Under excitement the advance may be carried too far and be overdone; if so, the result would work harm to all interests affected. We have a large crop to sell. Piling it up in sight would be an unsafe experiment—one we have tried several times in the past, and lost money at it every time." The piling up does not seem to be altogether true, however, of last week, as its wheat exports were the largest for four years. Adverse reports from the Northwest started lower quotations for railway stocks, the loss being about seventy-five cents a share. According to the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle," during the first half of 1897 there was a decline of about one-half of one per cent. in railway gross earnings and an increase of nearly six per cent. in net. Within the past few weeks the improvement in the railway situation has had apparent proof in the enlargement of dividend distribution. The Canadian Pacific has increased its semi-annual dividend from one to one and a half per cent.; the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburg has declared a dividend on its preferred stock for the first time since 1893; and the Atlantic and Danville has begun payments. General prices were higher last week, with the exception of sugar, wool, print-cloths, and petroleum, which are unchanged, and cotton and coffee, which are lower.

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The Queen Regent of Spain has made General Azcarraga, who, as we have before noted, was appointed to hold Señor Canovas's place temporarily, Prime Minister by regular appointment. General Azcarraga was Minister of War under Canovas, and represents the latter's policy. There seems to be no doubt that he will continue to carry on that policy, which is, as relates to Cuba, marked by the fixed intention of conquering the insurgents. After the assassination of Señor Canovas there was a general hope among Spanish Liberals that Sagasta might be called to the Premiership, but no move has been made in that direction. It is well known that Sagasta has earnestly advocated a policy of conciliation with Cuba, and of home rule for the Cubans. The chief difficulty in making such a policy practical is that the Cuban insurgents show not the slightest disposition to accept anything but complete and absolute independence. The same difficulty stands in the way of the much-talked of friendly interference by the United States with Spain. There is at present no reason whatever to believe that the Cuban leaders will even consider anything short of complete freedom from Spanish rule; any form of local autonomy which can be suggested would, they say, be easily perverted by Spain in actual practice, and of Spanish promises Cuba in the past has had much experience. Many friends of Spain hoped that General Campos would be made Prime Minister; and that not so much because he represents a clear and distinct policy as because his personal character and fairness of mind and temperament would make him a trusted political leader. But General Campos has just issued a statement to the effect that there has been no foundation for the be-

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lief that he would be willing to form a new Cabinet in place of Sagasta; and if the Ministry about to be instituted under the leadership of Azcarraga should prove a failure, there can be little doubt that it is to Sagasta that Spain must look as the Conservative leader. On Friday of last week the assassin of Canovas, the Anarchist Anglolillo—at first called Golli—was executed. The promptness of Spanish law in dealing with such offenses is shown in the fact that his execution took place less than two weeks from the date of the murder.

❀

Several news items of considerable importance have come from South America lately. In Brazil the embers of rebellion, which are periodically reported to be extinguished, are as often rekindled. A leader called familiarly "Antonio the Counselor" has rallied several thousand extreme anti-Government fanatics near Canudos; they have defeated the regular troops in one battle, and an army of some size has been sent against them by President Moraes. Outbreaks also occur from month to month in the State of Rio Grande do Sul and along the border of Uruguay. What with monarchists, fanatics, financial difficulties, and a President in wretched health, the Republic of Brazil is much to be commiserated. Meanwhile the so-called Greater Republic—the union of Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua—is threatened with disunion, as the three States have become involved in a ridiculous quarrel about the reception of the United States Minister, Captain Merry. It seems that while Nicaragua finds him acceptable, the other two countries, without any serious reason being given, declare him *non grata;* the probability that on this purely personal question the Union will be broken into pieces shows how much stability there has been in it. No wonder that Costa Rica and Guatemala have declined to enter the Union! From Peru the news comes that the coinage of silver has been temporarily suspended, and that the establishing of the gold standard is under discussion. In both Argentina and Venezuela Presidential campaigns are in progress, and in both countries the conservative candidate seems to feel confident of election; in Argentina the main issue has been that of financial reform and economy. In Uruguay war is still going on in a feeble kind of way. In Chili a struggle exists between President Errazuriz and Congress over the question whether the latter shall have the power to force the President to dismiss his Cabinet and form a new one—in other words, whether the Cabinet shall hold office under the same conditions that prevail in Great Britain, or whether the Government shall be a purely personal one. In Ecuador Alfaro continues to hold power, and is making a bitter attack on ecclesiasticism; the conservatives, his enemies, rely strongly upon Church influence to aid them in ous ing Alfaro.

❀

Although Lord Roberts, the famous British General, and Commander-in-Chief in India, has stated his belief that the war with the tribesmen will soon be brought to a close—and that, too, by native troops—the situation still remains serious. About thirty-five thousand British troops have been massed on the border under the command of General Blood. A state of war exists through the Swat Valley, and the most dangerous source of trouble lies in the fact that great numbers of the several tribes of the Afridis have risen; these tribes have usually been friendly, and they aided the British during the last Afghan war by guarding the Khyber Pass. Our readers know (from Kipling's stories if from no other source) that the fierce tribes between Afghanistan and Peshawur are constantly breaking out in small insurrections. The present war is of consequence because there has been concerted action among them, and strong reason to believe that the Ameer of Afghanistan, very likely prompted by the Sultan of Turkey, has had a hand in the business. The Afridis alone are said to be able to muster twenty-five thousand fighting men. When Great Britain undertook to hold permanently the border line of Chitral, she knew that a warfare of this kind would be constantly threatened. It will be remembered that she advanced to this line for the purpose of surveys.

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There have been, of late, no further open proofs in the southern part of India and in the great cities of the disaffection

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which undoubtedly exists. That is to say, there have been remonstrances and grumbling, but no outbreaks. Some one lately summed up the situation, as compared with that at the time of the Mutiny, by saying that in 1857 there was silence and murder, to-day there is bluster and obedience. It cannot be forgotten, however, that there are vast problems connected with the government of India, which Great Britain must sooner or later take up in earnest. The taxes are enormous in ratio to the wealth of the common people; race and caste questions are constantly giving trouble; the cost of administration is excessive; the natives have practically no part in the government of the country, no share in the offices and patronage, and they are naturally more and more dissatisfied; meanwhile, to cope with famine and plague is taxing to the utmost the skill and strength of the Indian Government.

❀

Some recent statistics throw light on the actual condition of things; thus, while the average income of a unit of population in England is $210, in India it is $10; the average income of the Indian native agricultural laborer is $32, while even in Russia the peasant has an average income of $50; it is estimated that $15 is necessary in India to merely support life in one person, but in a large part of the country the actual income per capita is as low as $11—so that the peasant is spoken of as having a *minus income*. Add to these facts the knowledge that in India the average of life is twenty-three and a half years as against forty years in England; that from fever and starvation alone in the seven years ending in 1888, 4,349,922 deaths took place—nearly as many as are supposed to have occurred in the wars of a hundred years; that in India 86 per cent. of the people work on the land, while in England only 14.6 are so engaged; and that the total Government expenditure for India is millions of dollars more than the entire annual land rent—and it is easy to see that the problems relating to Great Britain's vast and unwieldy dependency are not to be settled by temporary expedients, nor are they such as will disappear of themselves without the aid of statesmanship.

That precious social institution in Europe called a morganatic marriage has just received its presumable death-blow. This has come from no less a personage than the venerable King of Saxony, dean of all the sovereigns comprised in the Federation which forms the German Empire, and President of a specially organized tribunal consisting of the most eminent judges. "Ex-Attaché," writing in the New York "Tribune," informs us that, according to the decision of this court (the decrees of which, by previous arrangement, are binding upon all the States of the Empire) in the Lippe-Detmold controversy, morganatic unions on the part of parents or of more remote ancestors are no longer to constitute any bar to the succession to the throne. William II. excited this controversy hoping for very different results. Some time since he induced the reigning prince of Lippe-Detmold (who was in poor physical and mental health, and had no heir but his insane brother) to draw up a will, by the terms of which the regency of the throne during its occupancy by the lunatic prince was to be vested, not in the nearest agnate relative, namely, Count Ernest of Lippe, but in a much more remote kinsman, Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe. The last named is a brother-in-law of the Emperor. William II. also succeeded in obtaining an expression in the will of a hope that the regency should be only preparatory to the succession of Prince Adolphus to the throne.

❀

When the old prince died, Prince Adolphus at once seized the reins of government, and the Emperor took care that the principality was occupied by such a strong detachment of Prussian troops as to quell resistance by the indignant people. Count Ernest, as the nearest surviving kinsman, arrived to attend the funeral, but Prince Adolphus had the doors of the palace closed to him. The President of the legislature of the principality, however, requested Count Ernest to walk at the head of the representatives from that body at the funeral. The legislature then warmly indorsed Count Ernest's right to the throne; the municipality of Detmold did the same, and so did all the non-Prussian States of the German Empire. The Em-

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peror and his brother-in-law, however, contested this, claiming that Count Ernest, his sons, brothers, and nephews, were debarred, being descended from a great-great-grandfather who had contracted a morganatic alliance with a non-princely ancestress, and that the more distantly related family of Schaumburg-Lippe must take their place in the succession. Even if that were admitted, the "Tribune's" correspondent points out, Prince Adolphus is merely the youngest of five sons of the reigning prince of Schaumburg-Lippe. The South German newspapers took up the affair, and declared that if such things were tolerated none of the sovereign States of the Federation would be safe from analogous encroachments. Such a hue and cry was made that finally the Kaiser submitted the question to the tribunal described above. The verdict was entirely in favor of Count Ernest, and morganatic marriages have now become identical with ordinary marriages, at least so far as Germany is concerned.

❀

A correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" recounts in glowing terms the success of the borough of Shoreditch in utilizing the dust of its streets to furnish electricity to its people. Five years ago the borough—which is part of London—obtained the right to furnish electricity both for public and private purposes, and determined to combine this function with the burning of the waste from the streets. It economically established its "Combined Electricity and Dust-Destruction Undertaking" in the same building with its public baths and wash-houses, central library and museum, thus reducing the outlay of capital. The dust is collected in carts—almost sixty tons a day—and by means of elevators emptied into bins from which the furnaces are fed. As dust and refuse will not burn as coal burns, electric fans are used to keep a strong current of air circulating through the novel fuel. Lord Kelvin, the first of English scientists, says, in extolling the Shoreditch experiment, that from five to ten tons of dust are equal to one ton of good steam coal. The dust burning under the boilers produces steam, and the steam is used to drive a great high-tension engine producing electricity. The clerk of the borough calculates that, in view of the large sum formerly paid for carrying the dust away on barges, and the saving of fuel for the baths and wash-houses, the net profits of the undertaking will be quite large upon the investment. "Every day," says the "Post's" correspondent, "visitors come from the most remote local bodies, and depart determined to do likewise." This electric-lighting station supplies the light for the streets and several of the public buildings, ventilates the sewers, furnishes electric motor power to cabinetmakers, has entered into a contract with the Electric Cab Company, and provides workingmen's dwellings with penny-in-the-slot meters, so that the poorest may have an eight-candle-power light for six hours for two cents. Altogether the experiment furnishes a most remarkable illustration of the extent to which various branches of public work may be co-ordinated so as to promote the public welfare.

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This week witnesses the closing of the Vacation Schools established and maintained by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York. When these schools were opened, the idea met violent opposition from many quarters. Now, at the close of the fifth season, the Association not only finds this department of its work indorsed by public sentiment, but has reasonable assurance that the Board of Education will at least seriously consider adopting the work next year. These schools have shown their popularity by the attendance. Every school opened has been taxed to its utmost capacity. With the wisdom born of knowledge of the civic conditions governing New York, this year civic work has been undertaken in the form of object-lessons. In one school a School City has been formed. This School City government is modeled after that of the Greater New York. Every department is represented. The officers who are elected in the greater municipality are elected in the School City, and the officers whom the head of the Greater New York would appoint to office are appointed. The most popular department of the School City, and that which has done the greatest amount of work, practically as well as theoretically,

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has been the Street-Cleaning Department. Manual training and some work in practical mathematics have made up the regular school work aside from this civic work, which is, of course, as yet largely experimental. Molding, drawing, sewing for boys and girls, story-telling, with the story retold in text or in picture—these have been the principal things attempted by these pupils. The sessions are but three hours, from nine until twelve. Some of the work placed on exhibition is astonishing when one realizes that six weeks was the term of the Vacation Schools. Mayor Strong opened the final exercises at one of these Vacation Schools with a speech, part of which was addressed to the larger audience that would read it in the next morning's papers. He pledged himself to the idea of the Vacation Schools and their adoption by the city. Several members of the Board of Education have taken part in the exercises at different schools, and all have expressed themselves favorably as to the future of the Vacation Schools and their relation to the Department of Education. Brooklyn has had one Vacation School, established and maintained, as the New York schools have been, by private subscription. This school would doubtless be accepted as a model by the people of the whole country. The teachers of drawing and modeling have been art students and art teachers wholly. The sewing teachers have been graduates of the domestic art departments of established institutions of manual training. The boys have been taught, in addition to sewing, drawing, the use of color and of clay, carpentery, cobbling, cane-seating of chairs, and basket-work. The boys have mended their own shoes and those of their families, and have made leather belts. Patriotism has been taught in the songs, the saluting of the flag, and in the addresses to which the children have listened. The Vacation Schools represent a progressive idea in its first stages.

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The passion for sympathetic knowledge of the working people which characterizes our day receives striking expression in the series of articles by Walter A. Wyckoff, of Princeton, now appearing in "Scribner's Magazine." A few years ago Mr. Wyckoff, nettled by the charge that his conceptions of workingmen were mere theories, entered the ranks of unskilled labor, determined to know the lives of workmen at first hand and from their side. The graphic but never overcolored articles in "Scribner's" were written during his years of wandering as a casual workman. The current issue gives his experiences as a day laborer at West Point. The first paragraph of it brings out, in a way to be remembered, a sociological truth continually ignored, not only by newspaper statisticians, but even by professional sociologists. At the end of five days' work clearing off the débris of an old building, "No. 6 was paid the five dollars and eighty-five cents which were due him. . . . I had calculated upon a balance far in excess of that; for when I went to work on Tuesday five full working days were before me, and at a wage of one dollar and sixty cents they were to yield an income of eight dollars. My reckoning left out the chance of rain. For three days passing showers drove us to cover, and the 'called time' was as closely noted by the boss as it is by the referee in a football game." Princeton students are not likely to hear from Mr. Wyckoff the assumption that workmen are paid for every hour in the day, to say nothing of the more flagrant but only less frequent assumption that they are paid for every day in the year. His articles, however, are the furthest removed from statistical. They picture the life and conversation and spirit of the unskilled workmen about him. Only toward the close of the article does Mr. Wyckoff give his own philosophical observations, and when he gives them we feel that here is a man who speaks with authority, and not as the bookish writers on sociology. What could be better than the following:

> The law of supply and demand does not apply to our labor with the same freedom as to other merchandise. We are human beings, and some of us have social ties which bricks and iron have not, and we do not therefore move to favorable markets with the same ease and certainty as these. Besides, we are ignorant men, and behind what we have to sell is no trained intelligence, or a knowledge of prices and of the best means of reaching the best markets. And then we are poor men, who must sell when we find a purchaser, for no "reserve price" is possible to us.

The publishers of "Scribner's" and the Faculty at Princeton are alike to

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be congratulated upon Mr. Wyckoff's work.

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The Lambeth Encyclical

"To the Faithful in Christ Jesus, Greeting." The interest which all Christian people take in the proceedings of the Lambeth Conference of the "Archbishops, Bishops Metropolitan, and other Bishops of the Holy Catholic Church in full communion with the Church of England" is fraternally recognized by these words of salutation, with which the announcement of the result of the proceedings is addressed to the Church of Christ at large in an Encyclical Letter, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Gloucester and Winchester. Such are the learning, the character, and the social standing of the men composing these decennial conferences at Lambeth, the fourth of which has now risen, after occupying the entire month of July with its deliberations, that the utterances of no Christian council are awaited with more respectful interest.

That it sits behind closed doors, unlike other Protestant assemblies, deprives the general public of what it is keenly interested to know—the opposing views through debate of which a unanimity is reached in which all appearance of divergent opinions is smoothed out in the published result. As compared with assemblies where discussions are public, in which leaders of opinion stand for various views of important questions, the total impression is like that of a level or gently undulating country rather than of one impressively diversified by highland and lowland. With the suppression of all eccentric or unbalanced utterances goes also, perhaps, that of the voices of some lonely prophetic souls, and in the silence of individuals it is less easy to discern the forward reaching of thought and the trend of advancing opinion from period to period.

Some details of the Encyclical will be found in our Religious World columns. Of especial note is what concerns the organization of the Church, the only point in which any change is proposed. Speaking here only of what concerns all Christian people, we note with especial satisfaction the testimony borne for the critical study of the Bible. That this be carried on by competent scholars is declared "essential to the maintenance in the Church of a healthy faith." It is admitted that this study has its peril. For its safeguard we are pointed to "that deep reverence which never fails to accompany real faith. The central object of Christian faith must always be the Lord Jesus Christ himself." Let the Bible only be studied in that spirit which reveres Jesus as Lord, and its power over the soul "will never really be affected by any critical study whatever."

As to the unity of the Church, the Chicago-Lambeth propositions having failed to obtain favorable response from any quarter, a policy of active waiting for further developments is recommended:

> That every opportunity be taken to emphasize the divine purpose of visible unity amongst Christians as a fact of revelation. We recommend that committees of Bishops be appointed everywhere to watch for and originate opportunities of united prayer and mutual conference between representatives of different Christian bodies, and to give counsel where counsel may be asked—these committees to report to the next Lambeth Conference what has been accomplished in this matter.

Meanwhile correspondence is to be opened with the Churches of the East, with a view to clearer understanding and closer relations. And as to missionary fields the Letter says:

> We think it our duty to declare that in the foreign mission field, where signal spiritual blessings have attended the labors of missionaries not connected with our communion, a special obligation has arisen to avoid, as far as possible without compromise of principle, whatever tends to prevent the due growth and manifestation of that "unity of the spirit" which should ever mark the Church of Christ.

This statement should prevent the recurrence of some offensive cases of intrusion into the field of other churches.

This great international parliament of English-speaking Christians, with others of the same kind, is of more than a religious significance. While statesmen are dreaming of Anglo-Saxon federation, churchmen are working toward it, and in their international councils have given partial embodiment to the idea. Whatever temporary impediments beset political attempts for a closer union of the kin-

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dred peoples, one fact may be regarded as settled. Their allied churches have become sufficient sponsors for their perpetual peace.

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Ministerial Problems

II.—Study and Reading

1. How much time should a minister spend daily in his study?
2. What lines of study should he pursue?
3. When there are so many books coming out constantly that one has neither time to read nor money to buy them, what principle should guide one in the selection and reading of books?
4. Another problem is presented by the multitude of magazines and newspapers. I have cut down my list as low as I can, yet if I should read the major contents of all the periodicals I get, I could do little else. At any rate, I feel that too much time—time that perhaps should be spent on current standard books—could be used. On the other hand, the periodicals contain such excellent matter that there is the strongest temptation to read all. How much time should be given to this class of reading?

The minister should distinguish carefully between reading and study. Many ministers give too much time to reading and too little to study. Reading interests, entertains, and may inform and equip, but it does not make strong. On the contrary, much magazine and newspaper reading is liable to enervate.

By study we mean taking some theme and pursuing it regularly, carefully, systematically, until a conclusion is reached and formulated. No man studies unless he is able to pass an examination on the subject of his study. No man studies unless, as the result of his study, he reaches some conclusion, even though it be the conclusion that no conclusion can be reached. The minister should lay out for himself some course or courses of study, and pursue them with as much inflexibility as if he were at a university or a theological seminary. He should take up, for instance, a book of the Bible, say Job or Galatians, and study it until he has become something of a master in it; or some problem in theology, as, Who is Christ? and study that until he is able to formulate to himself a definite theory of Christ and his place in the world's history; or some practical problem, such as Socialism and the relation of Christianity to Socialism, pursuing it until he can answer definitely to himself such questions as these: What is Socialism? What is there good in it? What is there evil in it? How does it stand related to Christianity? In what respects are they parallel? In what respects antagonistic? When these conclusions are reached, they should be written down in some note-book, or engraved in the memory, and so fixed as a part of the material of knowledge and a vantage-ground of position for the minister's future work. If he has not time both for reading and for pursuing such a course or courses as these, let him sacrifice the reading, not the study.

Most ministers will do well to take one such course at a time, and probably not more than one, lightening their study by their reading. This reading also should not be desultory. At least, it is well for the minister to fix some theme or themes upon which his reading for the time may be concentrated. Thus, if he is studying one of Paul's Epistles, let him take, for his reading, books which will give him light on the life of the Roman world in the age of Paul; if he is studying Job, let him take books which will give him light on the great epics of other literatures. Thus the results of his reading will classify themselves in connection with the results of his study, and he will get a maximum of product for the time employed.

The minister's main work in his study should not be given to the mere preparation of sermons; it should be given to enrichment of his mind. If two ministers start together, graduates of a theological seminary, and one gives his mornings to writing sermons, at the end of ten years he will have, let us say, five hundred sermons, but he will know very little more than when he graduated from the seminary. If the other gives the main hours in his study to the systematic and thorough pursuit of courses which enlarge his intellectual equipment; if he gives one year to the study of Biblical criticism, another to the study of sociological problems, a third to the study of theological problems, and writes or speaks his sermons out of the intellectual and spiritual treasures which he is constantly increasing, at the end of the ten years he will have practically no sermons he will wish to preach again, for he will have outgrown them,

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but he will be ten years wiser and stronger than his companion.

In reading—not in study—be governed by two principles: first, read what interests you, not what you think ought to interest you (often the reverse principle applies in selecting a theme for study); second, read what your congregation are not reading. The results of your reading will come out in your preaching. If you are reading what they are reading, they will have gotten your thoughts before you give them; if you are reading what they are not reading, the product of your thinking will be to them original. Some little reading of what the congregation are familiar with may be desirable for social purposes; very little is desirable for pulpit preparation.

As to the lines of study, they are rings, not straight, and they all circle about two centers—the Bible and human nature. It is the business of the minister to cure sick men and feed hungry men. He must, therefore, know human nature, that he may know what its hunger is and what its disease. Of course his parish is the great book in which to study this theme, but the great masters in literature are also to be studied for the same purpose. But he must not only know human nature; he must know what is the medicine for its disease and the food for its hunger. This he will find, not exclusively, indeed, in the Bible, but in the Bible as nowhere else. His second circle of studies, therefore, will be devoted to an understanding of the Bible—its real, its deep, its spiritual meaning. As Shakespeare is an interpreter of human nature, and the true student of Shakespeare studies human nature as interpreted by the great dramatist, so the Bible is an interpreter of the moral and spiritual laws of life, and the true student of the Bible seeks to understand, not merely such questions as the date and authorship of its various books, and the grammatical and philological laws governing its language, but its interpretation of spiritual life, its answer to the three great questions, Who is God? What am I? and How can I live the life of God in this world of men? The minister who looks most to the Bible for his answer to these questions—not to commentaries on the Bible, but to the Bible itself—will be the most original and the most effective preacher. It is in this book that all the great preachers, from Augustine to Phillips Brooks, have found their chief resource.

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The Life of the Spirit

The World of Divine Chance

Nothing in human experience is more significant or more beautiful than the gradual transformation of things, persons, and experiences at first slighted or passed by as common and uninteresting into things, persons, and experiences noble and inspiring. The young world dreamed of its Christ as coming in majesty of form and clothed with all the visible signs of sovereignty; but the Christ came in guise so humble and in conditions so obscure that only they discerned the divinity who had caught at the great truth that in the human the divine is veiled and hidden. The young soul, ardent, generous, and aspiring, dreams of the great tasks and the noble opportunities at the ends of the earth, or on some splendid stage; and finds, years after, that the task was close at hand, and garbed so meanly that it seemed but another of the weary commonplaces of daily life, and that the opportunity was, at the moment it presented itself, only a homely and familiar chance to work. The man of experience learns to judge nothing by its outward show; he has seen the bravest promise of greatness turn to bitter disappointment, and he has seen the poor, shabby door swing open upon a noble career and a rich and bountiful life.

No stories are so enchanting to the young imagination, dreaming of things to come, as those which narrate the swift or slow advancement to fortune, position, and reputation from meager and unpromising beginnings. Every man who, unaided by family influence or fortune, makes his way to the front by honorable industry and well-directed ability, is a hero in the eyes of youth; a hero who has sustained the test of manhood, met the conditions of worthy success, and passed victoriously the obstacles which lie in every path to fortune. Whenever such a man tells the story of his success,

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he reveals the qualities which have brought him influence, reputation, and prosperity, and demonstrates again the familiar truth that a man's fate lies in his character and not in his conditions; that heroic resolve, unshakable purpose, and courageous devotion are not at the mercy of accident and the caprice of circumstances, but work their way and their will to the victorious end. When the story of such a life is told, the eternal romance of all noble striving pervades it; that romance which shines upon the world in the eyes of each succeeding generation of youth, and which draws every ardent spirit with irresistible insistence. For the promise of life, intelligently understood, is never broken to those who are willing to meet the conditions of its fulfillment; it is broken only to those who misread it or who fail to stand the tests which it imposes. The romance of the successful career lies in the contrast between its meager promise and its noble achievement; between the materials with which it had to deal and the imperishable uses to which those materials have been put.

The old stories which, like the "Arabian Nights' Tales," dealt with magical forms and magical effects wrought by the swiftest means, have not only enchanted the children of the world, but have crudely illustrated the truth that man is greater than his conditions and has a magical power of transforming them. For the secret of magic lies in the disparity of the means used and the ends attained. Investigation of universal elements has released more genii than ancient magicians ever set free, and modern study of nature has made the old wonder tales, which were fashioned in the world's childhood, tame and commonplace. But the magic used by intelligence in dealing with things is not so impressive as the magic with which intelligence transforms conditions in the working out of human lives. The story of such a career as Edison's is more wonderful than the story of his discoveries and inventions, although the latter are an authentic modern Arabian Nights' Entertainment; while the career of Lincoln, when one compares the poverty of his youth with the majesty of his service to the race and the splendor of his world-wide fame, is more marvelous than any tale of magic ever recited to eager listeners in Bagdad or Damascus.

So manifold is opportunity, so open is the road of the higher success to ability, industry, and character, that human life may be fairly described as a divine chance to do and to be that which lies in the imagination of youth. God does not deceive the fresh, instinctive faith of childhood; life does not lie to those who trust its promises. It is commonplace only to those whose natures, tastes, and aims are commonplace. To those who have eyes for what Carlyle so well called "the open secret," life is often severe, painful, and even tragical in its happenings; but it is never less than great, and that it shall be great in its ultimate possibilities is all that we have a right to ask of it. If the world was fashioned by intelligence and the conditions of life were divinely ordered, the element of magic, of chance in the noble sense, ought to play through human experience; doors ought to open on all sides; paths ought to lead from all points. So Edison finds his way from the selling of newspapers to the study of the most wonderful and elusive of natural forces, Lincoln rises out of the hard surroundings of the old frontier life to one of the loftiest places to which the foot of modern man has climbed, and the peasant boy goes from the dull village life to that watching of morning skies which left its imperishable record on the canvases which bear the name of Corot. It is a veritable magical world in which we live, because such tremendous consequences are folded up in such apparently unimportant acts, such wonderful growths are hidden in such tiny and insignificant seeds, such splendid opportunities constantly present themselves in garbs so mean. The real value of things lies in their spiritual possibilities, and these possibilities are hidden even from the wise and prudent. The children are, after all, wiser than their elders, because they are willing to take God at his word and accept the world as something magical and divine—a true wonderland of the soul, in which all manner of transformations of the ignoble into the noble and of the humble into the great are constantly taking place.

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The British Association at Toronto

From a Staff Correspondent

There is something square-set about a Briton and about a British assemblage. There is a general sense of heavy jaw, big bones, solid settling down in chairs, firm planting of firm feet on floor, and an absence of flutter and frills. The impression is one of directness, simplicity, genuineness; it is a grateful impression. Just as in this city of Toronto brick almost entirely replaces wood in building, and there are few excrescences in the admirably simple architecture, so, in a Torontonian as in every British assemblage, the first thing which strikes one is the solidity and simplicity in the people's appearance and manner.

All this is pleasant enough and characteristic enough, and we like to meet it and greet it. However, in the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science now in progress the two most prominent members have not only these Anglo-Saxon distinctions, but also more than a suspicion of Gallic vivacity. In looking upon the faces of Lords Kelvin and Lister one feels that, as their discoveries have been for all men and for all the world, so their appearance seems not so much that of a particular people as a more world-wide type. Lord Kelvin is an Irish-Scotchman, and when he opens his mouth it is the quaint, canny Scot who speaks. Lord Lister is an Englishman, and recalls portraits of Benjamin Jowett—but Jowett's was a head which might have belonged anywhere. Without taking into account, however, all the emphasis which, in speech, Lord Kelvin gives to the Scot, and which Lord Lister gives to the Englishman, it would be difficult at first to pronounce upon their nationality, whether Scotch, English, American, French, German. They have an appearance and manner uniting Anglo-Teuton solidity and simplicity with a dash of Latin alertness and agility. This was evident to-day at the Convocation of the University of Toronto, when both scientists received LL.D. degrees. It was noticed also last night at the reception given by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen at the Parliamentary Buildings, when the venerable men took their places on the dais with the Viceregal party in front of the throne. In showy uniforms, orders, sashes, robes, evidences of militarism, power, and administration were everywhere present, but everywhere as well a mightier force in the unshowiness of the modest men who are kings and princes in a greater than any merely political domain.

A noticeable feature about the two best known of these potentates is their gentleness of voice. Even when speaking scornfully, as Lord Kelvin did in a lecture this morning about the British system of weights and measures, causticity seemed doubly effective because of a gentle, whimsical way of putting things, because of a kindly sympathetic eye in no fine frenzy rolling, because of expressive, un-pump-handle gestures, above all because of an unshrill voice. The seats were fully filled, and men, young and old, occupied all the aisles and doorways; they even sat about on the floor in front of the lecturer's desk, like so many Pauls at the feet of a Gamaliel.

Lord Lister's voice was even more impressive in restfulness. At the Convocation this afternoon he said quietly: "I cannot consider myself worthy to unloose the shoes of men like Lord Kelvin." There was nothing forced or theatrical about the tone; there was instead a calm assurance as from lifelong conviction, though from one whose discoveries have benefited mankind more than those of a Kelvin. We could survive without the cable, but thousands would die, and die horribly, but for antisepsis. It was undoubtedly the wonderful and unimpaired mental absorption and creation to which Lord Lister referred in the case of his great colleague; at all events, it was the splendid and sincere tribute of one old man of science to another. Ripe in years and honors, it seems as if they might soon be making the journey to the Beyond. Their words had the ring of a *Morituri Salutamus*.

There is no more inspiring presence at Toronto than Lord Lister's. His face is a beacon-light, but it is a benison too. Its intelligence is that of the keen specialist, and of the man of general culture too; indeed, it is said that he allows no day to pass without a dip into his favorite Greek tragedians. More than this, however, his is a face of happiness—of that deep and just sort which ought to come to one who said to-day: "Scientific investigation has always been to me an unmixed joy, and when I see the results work for the good of humanity, the joy is increased a thousandfold."

Of course there are many other eminent men whose lectures are eagerly heard. Yesterday, in the Economics and Statistics section, the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., the historian and statesman, spoke on the difficulties of labor problems, and also on municipal government. His incisive manner as well as his incisive words impressed all. No one of us will henceforth take up "The Holy Roman Empire" or "The American Commonwealth" without calling to the mind's eye the quick, quite American looking and acting Englishman, whose white hair and beard seem

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almost misplaced, so piercing is his eye, so youthful his energy, so vital and virile the mental atmosphere with which we were speedily enveloped. Here again the Latin and the Saxon seem to meet. The utterances of no Englishman command greater respect with us than do those of Mr. Bryce; it is easy to see that with him the present is never lost in the past; on the contrary, "History is but past politics, and is of little avail except it bear on actual conditions."

Night before last the opening address was delivered by Sir John Evans, who succeeds Lord Lister as President of the Association. Sir John is an interesting character, for he is what might be called a self-made scientist. Lord Kelvin, for instance, has always been—as he himself said in a reminiscent mood to-day—"a university child. I was born in College Square, Belfast; I early went to Glasgow and lived in my father's house as a university child. I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and my continued connection with my college there proves that I am congenitally a child of universities. I had the honor of being a colleague of my father, a Professor in the University of Glasgow, and I am happy to say that I am still a Professor there." On the other hand, Sir John Evans never had a university training. He became a paper-manufacturer, but his strong bent for archæological research early manifested itself, and as soon as he could he emancipated himself from commerce in order to give his whole time and thought to science. In telling us to-day about this he struck an answering chord in the heart of many another hearer who may have chafed at bread-and-butterism in his chosen path.

Other famous men are here—Professor Ramsay, the chemist; Sir George Turner, the anthropologist; Sir George Robertson, the intrepid defender of Chitral; Dr. Keltie, the geographer; Mr. Selous, the African explorer; Professor Miall, he of the delightful "Round the Year;" and, among many other well-known names, our own Presidents Harper, Patton, and Stanley Hall; Professors Newcomb, Remsen, Sumner, Osborn, Hadley, Lowell, and Todd. Despite Dingleyism and all its works, men from the States have had a special welcome, and an LL.D. was ready waiting for Professor Gibbs to-day, along with those for Lords Kelvin, Lister, and Rayleigh, Sir John Evans, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Mr. Hardy, the Premier of Ontario.

This letter is far removed from a conventional report; these words record impressions of men, not of their discussions. Suffice it to say that there were few even of extremely technical discussions in which one did not find something of interest. The greater the man, the simpler seems his lecture, the more easily comprehended even by the veriest tyro. On every hand are scholars whose unassumingness gives no indication that they bear famous names. With the honesty and earnestness of painstaking seekers after truth, they would convey the feeling that they are only just beginning to find out about things.

The architectural and landscape environment of Toronto University counts for much. Here we are in a practical, every-day town (one of the most exemplary municipalities on this continent, by the way), and yet in the midst there is an oasis of wide green lawn bordered and intersected by superb shrubbery and trees, out of which tower admirable academic buildings here and there. Arrangements have been singularly complete. All information has been quickly accessible and courteously given. Telephone and telegraph and post offices have been established; a great hall has been devoted to lunch, and one is taken back to such commons as exist at Harvard and Oxford. The last-named place comes to mind more than once in strolling across the exquisite turf here.

E. F. B.

Toronto, August 20.

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The Spectator

"And this," said the hostess of the Spectator, who had been showing him the sights of her fair inland city, "is our Home for the Friendless." The carriage turned into an elm-shaded drive winding through park-like grounds. On the arch of the gateway the Spectator had noted the name given with so much pride. What a sad assemblage it must be, mused the Spectator, if that name is not a misnomer! He wondered if the name had become as nothing to the inmates—if they were content to be classified as friendless—to be called so by their benefactors. If friendless before coming there, had they not ceased to be such? Was it kind, that constant reminder of bitter experience?

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It was indeed a home of which its founders might be proud—an old Colonial mansion crowning a woodland height, the extensive additions made to the original building detracting nothing from its homelike appearance. It did not have an institutional air. The broad piazzas were really gay with groups of old ladies chatting over their knitting and sewing, old men playing checkers, a considerable company of both sexes gathered around the reader of a newspaper—a retired preacher evidently, his pulpit that sheltered chair. In the upper windows and balconies the feeble could be seen pillowed in easy

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chairs, white-capped nurses in attendance. Several carriages were drawn up near the house, waiting their turn to pass into the *porte-cochère* and be filled with old folks for a morning drive.

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"This is Board day," said the Spectator's escort, who was one of the Managers. "During the meeting our carriages are at the service of the family. . . . Isn't it sweet to know that if we live to be old, and have but a small income or none at all, there is for us such a sure haven of refuge? Our old folks need not be lonely here, and they can be as secluded as they please. . . . Are they happy? Well, yes, as a rule—that is, happier than they would be elsewhere. . . . It takes a world of tact to preserve harmony. Everything depends upon the matron; and we have the ideal matron. She knows how to oil the machinery, how to regulate the difficult cases. For a study of the unique in individuality—the misfits of family life, and that largely in the line of saints—this, before all others, is the place."

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"God setteth the solitary in families," the Spectator was repeating to himself. Did it mean that the solitary old man or woman would be happier in a family where he or she alone was the aged one, or that it was the divine intent that the aged should be gathered into families by themselves, old age the common bond—a kingdom of the aged, where youth and vigor did not dominate, where the will of the aged had precedence? "Old age *is* loneliness," he had been taught to believe by the aged themselves, and by those who were far from friendless. Really, there was nothing depressing in the Spectator's first impression of his first visit to a Home for the Aged, and that of those designated friendless as well.

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"Verily," pondered the Spectator, following the cheery matron through the house, his escort having joined the Managers in committee, "when all this befalleth the friendless in their old age, then that word friendless hath gone astray from its meaning." The house had a large library; and the books had not been in the main selected *for* the old folks, but had been chosen *by* them—an odd collection, interesting the Spectator greatly, convincing him that the literary taste of the aged is not generally understood by those who would provide for it. There were no long tables in the pleasant dining-room, the chapel had an abundance of easy chairs and couches, each inmate a separate room; each room was a home by itself—a castle. The rooms were furnished largely by the inmates, and with their own belongings—the pictures on the walls revealing much. Surely nothing was lacking that Christian friendliness could bestow. The social life, the Spectator was glad to hear, had special consideration, lectures, concerts, and even dances being given for the inmates, and picnics of various kinds during the summer.

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"A prevailing misconception concerning Homes like this," said the matron, "is that they are intended for the aged who can pay nothing, as well as for those who can pay the life admission, if not something besides. The majority have been sent here by friends—relatives usually—often children, who have paid the life admission in full, at least. The expenses of the institution are barely met, liberal as are the donations, and watchful as is the Finance Committee of expenditures. We cannot open our doors in pity as often as we must close them because of limitations. Applicants are first admitted upon six months' probation, during which three dollars a week is charged for board. Our list of applicants for probation is always a long one, and vacancies do not occur so frequently by death as you would suppose, release from anxiety prolonging the life of those who come here. Our terms for life admission are the same as in most homes for the aged—$250 for those between sixty-five and seventy; $200 between seventy and seventy-five; $100 over seventy-five. The payment covers all necessary expenses for the rest of the lifetime, and includes funeral and burial. Any property owned by the applicant must be deeded to the Home before admission is granted. Whatever falls to the inmate afterwards by legacy or otherwise belongs to the Home. The small sum which gives so much in return when invested in a life admission would produce almost nothing in an annuity. The most of our inmates have turned over to the Home a small amount of securities upon which they receive interest, giving them a little spending money. Some earn a small income. One old gentleman is writing a series of sermons which he delights in believing will yet place the institution on a sound financial basis."

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The Spectator was naturally interested to know something of the past history of lives anchored at last in snug harbor, after long and perilous voyage. There were several clergymen and their wives in the family—beneficiaries of former congregations; a teacher or two; a preponderance of widows and spinsters; and, most interesting to the Spec-

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tator, an old beau of fashionable life—a stranded pleasure-craft, declared to be the life of the house—his idealization of his surroundings an unfailing entertainment. His only grievance was the name of what he called his "hermitage," his retreat for declining years; against that name he made unceasing protest. Why should he be branded as friendless, when friends had placed him there, friends visited him there, and he had made friends there dear as any he had ever known? Why should he be forced into evasive explanations in giving his address—mistaken as a species of pauper by the generality of the community, who were misled by the name on the gateway?

❀

It was a surprise to the Spectator to find an old friend of his mother's in the house, a woman who had seen—but after talking with her a while he could not say, better days. The deaf old gentlewoman was eager to tell him how she happened to be there, how contented she was, with little to trouble her any more. She had lost everything, save barely enough to pay the life admission, and she was seventy-five. She had turned over a mortgage on a California fruit farm; it might be worthless, it might be valuable some day—she didn't know, she didn't care—she had found a haven of peace. . . . "Living with relatives who meant to be kind was wearing me out—them too, perhaps. Somehow I couldn't find my place in their world, and they didn't understand mine. I was one too many in the house—couldn't help seeing the long strain on their patience; and then I had to be alone so much; there was no help for it; young folks must live their life—it's right they should." . . . Had the Spectator ever thought how much the bicycle had added to the loneliness of the aged? How much they sit alone into the late twilight seeing the world fly past—a world of enjoyment which they may never enter? How can they help wishing that in the evolution of the wheel something might be provided for them! . . . And the cooped-up, crowded flats—bad enough for children—but, oh, so hard on the old folks! . . . "We are always forgetting, you know, we old folks, that we have had *our* spin. *our* day. Yes, it is best to give us a world by ourselves—like this—and we should not be pitied for having to come here."

❀

Waiting for the committee to adjourn, the Spectator joined a group of aged men sitting near the vestibule, and was greatly entertained by the reminiscences at once called forth when his name was given, at the rather abrupt request of one of the circle. Every one had something to tell about some one he had once known by that surname, the talk soon subsiding into what was clearly an automatic crooning over of old stories; but no one chilled the outflow by criticism or comment. This confirmed what the matron had said, "Here they can tell the same old stories over and over, and ask daily the same old questions; and that is a privilege the aged are not granted everywhere, you know." Yes, it was the kingdom of the aged; beyond that gateway was another world. When the Spectator's escort appeared, it was with many regrets for having detained him so long. The Spectator thanked her for the detention, and for calling him back to reality—to a sense of his *in*eligibility for admission to the Home for the Friendless. "We had such a long session. An important question was before the Board. We are thinking of changing the name of the institution, and of giving the inmates a voice in the matter."

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The Outlook Vacation Fund

The need of this Fund was never greater. The fact of its existence has spread into every condition and every level of society, and each day some one who had given up hope sees in the opportunities it offers a new lease of life for herself or one she loves. The summer does not end the work. It changes; it becomes then, for the most part, a fight with death, with all the possibilities in favor of victory; for this Fund makes it possible to fight with the weapons of science—skill, food, care, and the air God made—against the disease that is the working-girls' greatest enemy. The only limit of the work is the limit of money. If "No" is said to one girl, it is because there is no money to do for her what should be done.

THE VACATION FUND

SPECIAL GIFT

From an Unknown Friend	$5,000 00

FOR VACATION EXPENSES

Previously acknowledged	$5,614 26
Inwood-on-Hudson	1 00
In Memoriam	40 00
W. M. K., New York, N. Y.	25 00
A Birthday Gift	5 00
A. G. F., New Haven, Conn.	10 00
T. J. M., New London, Conn.	5 00
M. T. H., Rutland, Vt.	2 00
Rochester, N. Y.	2 00
K. E. B., Rochester, N. Y.	1 00
A. A. R., Springfield, Mass.	10 00
Cotocheset Christian Endeavor Society, Wianno, Mass.	107 00
E. M., Pepperell, Mass.	2 00
H. E. A., Springfield, Mass.	2 00
A Friend, Newburyport, Mass.	6 00
H. B. B., Northampton, Mass.	2 00
Total	$10,833 26

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Sectionalism and School Histories

By B. L. T.

AT a recent meeting of a Grand Army Post in Nebraska resolutions were passed condemning school histories of the United States for praising the bravery and gallantry of the Confederate soldiers. On the other hand, several school histories lately published in the South, notably Lee's, Jones's, and even Joel Chandler Harris's excellent "Stories of Georgia," complain bitterly of the prejudice shown by Northern historians in their treatment of the War of Secession. This dissatisfaction on both sides is not necessarily a sign of injustice on the part of the historians. It may simply imply that they attain that golden mean distasteful to all who favor extremes. Yet it has seemed well to look thoroughly into the matter and see if there is, on either side, any just cause for complaint.

So far as the claims of the Grand Army Post go, this examination may be very brief. It is true that, as we shall see, many Northern writers have been generous in praises of their adversaries, but nowhere do these praises become so extravagant as to "insult" any one but an old soldier who is determined that the Union whose wound he healed shall forever bear the scar.

The real question is, not, "Has the North been too fair?" but, "Has it been fair enough?" Have our histories, written by men who took part in the conflict they describe, retained something of the animosity felt in the heat of the struggle? Have fears of the condemnation of Posts with a "pull" kept publishers from a justice which might mean a decreased demand for their publications? Is the North fair to the South? and, secondly, is the South fair to the North? Do the school-children of Massachusetts and of South Carolina now see the war in the same light, in the same aspect?

It is with this question in mind that the writer has examined a number of the most popular school histories of the United States. The chief of these were the following: Barnes's, Higginson's "Young Folks' History," Scudder's, Johnston's, Fiske's, Sheldon-Barnes's, Lemmon's, Mowry's, Eggleston's, the "Eclectic." Of Southern histories Jones's and Lee's have seemed the most significant. The object has been not so much to detect petty error as to observe the general impression, the choice of terms, the dwelling upon significant incident—all that would appeal to the young reader and identify him with one side or the other of the conflict. Do the Northern historians do justice to the bravery of the Southern soldiers? Do they do justice to their loyal devotion to their States? Do they set fairly before the student the great principle which was at stake?

Possibly all do not agree that a history of the Civil War should be impartial. Yet it is hard to see how this can be doubted. If there be anything in the principle that the North contended for in the sixties—that the Union is more important than the section—then a Northern history has no right to be Northern, a Southern history no right to be Southern. American history should be just to all sections, all States, without regard to prejudice. It is with this ideal of the function of an American history that the writer has conducted his examination.

In all the histories, violence of language is avoided. Higginson's history, it is true, uses the word "rebellion," and contains this sentence: "It was not, indeed, possible that those who had fought for the flag of their country could do equal honor to those who tried to strike it down." In that last phrase, "tried to strike it down," there lurks an element of hostility out of place in the school-book of a reunited country. And in the same book we find, "For the cruelties inflicted by the Confederates on Union prisoners during the war no excuse at all is to be made"—certainly an uncompromising statement, to be paralleled only in Mr. Jefferson Davis's comments on his own captivity. Yet language of this sort is singularly rare. The term "rebel" is generally carefully avoided, even though sometimes implied. The injustice of the Northern history lies not in its words, but

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in its silence, and this one cannot easily exemplify by quotation.

Most historians have dealt fairly with the courage of the Southern soldiers. Evidently, like the ancient Romans, they realize the folly of celebrating a triumph over opponents of one's own race and kindred. Most warriors realize that to declare one's antagonist a coward is not materially to enhance one's own exploits against him. And Colonel Higginson and other warrior historians—unlike their fellow-veterans of Nebraska—have realized this and given the "deluded men" their due. But they have stopped there. They have made no attempt to explain the "delusion," have failed to make it clear that the principle for which the South fought was one for which any sane gentleman might conscientiously have done battle.

Such silence is unfair. In history the burden of proof lies on the side of the defeated nation. The presumption is naturally that the South was utterly and willfully wrong. Most histories say only that the South fought for slavery and for State sovereignty. This latter is merely mentioned. And it is mentioned incidentally only as a cause of dispute that originated shortly before the Civil War, not as a source of contention from the very proposal of the Constitution.

The main question of our early history —State versus Union—is strangely subordinated, whereas it should be the one thing to stand out clearly. In the ratification of the Constitution, in the War of 1812, in the quarrel over Nullification, it should be kept steadily in view. So, and so only, will the Civil War be adequately explained.

A few histories do approximate justice to this subject. Johnston's is unusually full. It says:

> It was the general belief in the South that the Union rested entirely on the support of the States; that each State was altogether its own master; and that each State stayed in the Union only because it chose to do so. This was the doctrine of State Sovereignty. Of course it followed from the doctrine of State Sovereignty that if any State believed its people to be unbearably wronged by the Union, it had the right to secede, or withdraw from the Union. This was the doctrine of Secession. It was upheld by most men in the South, even by those who had not the slightest desire to put it into force. . . . If their State should vote to secede, they would have admitted the right to do so, and would have felt bound to "follow their State."

This gives what most school-books fail to give—a clear statement of the contention of the South. Such a statement is necessary. The child of to-day has been brought up under a Union that is one and indivisible. Secession now would be a proclamation of rebellion. It is necessary to show that, in the opening years of the Civil War, this was not the case. The question was still open to dispute. The Southerner, it should be made clear, was not disloyal. He did not fire on the flag of his country. He followed the flag of his country, that is the flag of his Sovereign State, against the flag of a coalition from which that State had withdrawn. This was his point of view—a point of view that no fair history should neglect to make obvious. The result of the failure of histories to accomplish this is that the Southerner, who holds that his father was as much bound to his State as he, the son, is to the Union, is naturally aggrieved, and, as we shall see, retorts in kind.

All the Northern histories—with the exception of Fiske's—fail to make clear the reasons that led the South to lay claim to the Union forts in Southern territory. These claims may have been unfounded, but they were claims. Fiske says: "If the Union was at an end, Fort Sumter belonged to the State of South Carolina, and it was President Buchanan's duty to surrender it." But most histories say simply that the South "seized" these forts, apparently as an act of pure aggression and dishonesty. At least that is the impression the bare statement makes on the young reader who has heard his father talk about rebels. And the firing upon Fort Sumter and the "old flag" is no less unfairly treated. The books tell very fully about slavery, very fully about all the strong points in the case of the North, and are amazingly reticent on the weaker points of this case. In consequence, the young reader gets a very one-sided impression. The Southern States, he learns, wanted to keep slaves. The North objected. Thereupon these Southern States, under a "delusion," seceded and tried to break up the Union, firing upon the flag of their country. Finally our

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brave boys in blue subdued them, and the slaves were free.

This is the general impression received from the average history, and it is just true enough to be irritating to the Southern reader, who feels that his father was neither a fool nor a knave.

The same policy of silence is carried into lesser matters. We learn that Northern prisoners suffered in Confederate prisons, but hear nothing of the similar sufferings of Confederates in the North. We are given no chance to suspect that the Monitor did not overwhelmingly defeat the Merrimac. (Northern histories never call her the Virginia.) We find only silence with regard to the suffering entailed in Sherman's "March to the Sea;" these points, and others like them, are slighted or ignored.

They are not significant. In telling the story of a war against the Patagonians or the Greenlanders, they might make little difference. Until all nations are confederated, we may be justified in extolling our common country at the expense of an external enemy. For such extolment might promote patriotism. But one part of the country cannot afford to exalt itself at the expense of another. We cannot forget the war. History requires one to present the main facts, but it does not require one to teach only those facts that favor one's own section.

The Northern histories, telling all that is good of the North, omitting all that is good—and most that is bad—with regard to the South, do little direct injury, so far as the Northern reader is concerned. They leave him merely ignorant where he should be informed, unsympathetic where he should be appreciative. But they do not rouse in him any feeling of hostility to the South. Read by Southerners, however, their effect is very different. Their supercilious dismissal of the whole case is rasping to the man whose father died for the principles which these books do not think worth a presentation. No wonder that he will not use such books, that he calls for Southern histories, sectional histories.

These are the fruit of the inefficiency of the Northern histories. On the Northern histories lies the responsibility for their existence, and on them may lie the burden of no little dissension to come. For these Southern histories, published in indignation, are recriminative, vindictive, even vituperative. They tell much truth that the Northern histories omit. But in their ill temper they grossly exaggerate—with the heated rhetoric of the South—and mention many details with regard to which silence would be wiser and more dignified. One cannot but be sorry for the Southern boy who reads them, for so intense is their animus, so bitter their language, that one cannot but fear lest the boys who study them may become more sectional than their fathers.

Such passages as the following might occur in books addressed to the general reader. They should never be permitted in the pages of a school-book:

> New Orleans was then taken possession of by General Butler, who exercised his power in so brutal a manner that he received the title of "Beast Butler," which never left him.

> The North, with ample resources to provide for its armies and its captives, rarely permitted exchanges, and congregated the Southern prisoners in various forts and prison camps, where hardships, privations, and cruelty either tortured or destroyed them.

> The town was burned, if not actually by the order of General Sherman, certainly without hindrance from him. When the fire-engines came to do what was possible to check the fire, the soldiers cut the hose and rendered them useless.

> Davis was at once taken to Fortress Monroe, where the vile charge against him was made the pretext for inhuman cruelty. . . . Heavy irons were chained on his ankles. . . . His coarse and miserable food was served in a dirty, disgusting manner, and neither knife nor fork were allowed him. All his own possessions were seized. Outsiders were allowed to come and gaze at him as at a wild beast in a cage.

> The Northern States held slaves as long as they found them profitable, and then, instead of setting them at liberty, they sold them to the South, put the money into their pockets, and afterwards began a bitter, persistent, and relentless crusade against slavery and slaveholders.

> The gallant Buckner surrendered the remnant of the army on the ungallant, unchivalric terms proposed by the victor.

Such is the tone of the Southern histories—irritated, aggressively defensive. The spectacle is pathetic. On one side the North slights, ignores, snubs; while

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on the other the South, more excitable, retaliates by abuse and brutal plain-speaking. Both are wrong, and, what is far worse, both are likely to provoke each other to more extreme utterances. Time will undoubtedly help. But time, if it is to prove a sufficient remedy, must be aided by discretion in those who write of the events of the past.

The record of the war is bad. In part it is disgraceful. So is the record of any war. Both North and South undoubtedly committed enormities unmentionable. Both sides, no less, can boast deeds of gallantry. Is it not wisest, now that the family is reunited, to speak only of the nobler deeds of the past, to refrain from exposing to the outer world each other's weaknesses and petulancies? Let the North do justice to the principles and courage of the South, let the South respond by doing honor to the nobler motives of the North, and our school-books will sow, not dissension, but union and patriotism. Each section, North and South, can better afford to be unfair to itself than to the other. The Northern boy will be willing enough to believe good of the North. Education should teach him a larger and more inclusive patriotism. Indeed, if the books must remain as they now are, the Northern boy might well read the Southern histories, the Southern boy those written in the North.

Perhaps it is unfair to ask publishers to regard principles before profit. We may fairly, however, expect a higher standard of teachers, who can do much to neutralize the teachings of unfit textbooks and the sectionalism of a partisan press. Let every Northern teacher read carefully the Southern story of the war; let every Southern teacher study the Northern side, and consider how desirable it is that, under the Union, ideals of disunion be not encouraged. From sympathy and investigation on the one side, and forbearance on the other, we should at last attain the perfect understanding that marks a united nation.

The Educational Function of the Church

By E. A. Ross

Professor of Economics and Social Science at Stanford University

WHAT, from the standpoint of sociology, is the prime function of the church?

The church is servant either of the individual or of society. So far as it ministers to the welfare of individuals without in a lasting way modifying their relations to one another, it is the former. But so far as it creates, maintains, or strengthens relations between people, it is the latter, and therefore the proper concern of the sociologist. In our quest for the social mission of the church, let us, therefore, leave to one side what it does for the individual—its offer of consolation in the black moments of life, its power to relieve commonplace lives with the beauty of its visions and its music, its power to open grand thought-horizons to the ordinary man. These give it worth, but not *social* worth.

The fruits of its work come to ripeness either in this life or in a life to come. As society is confined to the green rind of this planet, we must put to one side, as beyond the province of sociology, the bearings of the ministry of the church on man's state in another life. They are the concern of theology.

Looking only to its worth to society here and now, what appear to be the distinct social tasks of the church?

The church is a brotherhood of morally *élite* and congenial persons, in which the strong help those who are weak, and the prosperous uphold the unfortunate. Its ideal is the "community." Fraternal orders and associations, though devoid of religious spirit, have much the same aim.

The church is an organization for philanthropy, whereby a body of generous people apply their efforts or their means in a systematic and intelligent way to various charitable tasks. It is a kind of charity organization society, providing the machinery for effectively harmonizing the charitable services or outlay of people. In Mr. Stead's phrase, it is "the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer." It differs from the religious

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community in that its energies are not all spent within the group itself, but are shared with the rest of society.

Again, the church is a lens by which the enlightened opinion of a body of earnest people is focused and brought to bear upon the moral and social problems that vex us. By means of its ordinances and utterances the influence of many righteous can be promptly directed against a menacing form of evil, such as the saloon, the prize-ring, a lottery scheme, or a lax police. The church here marshals men in the warfare against evil.

At times the church appears as the center of a cluster of associations for culture or social intercourse. Itself a mere segregation of like with like, it is valuable chiefly as the parent of numerous special purposive associations carrying on all manner of praiseworthy activities. Gymnasia, reading-rooms, athletic clubs, drawing classes, Browning clubs, guilds, sewing circles, sociables, picnics, parties, exhibitions, and other features of the "institutional" church are its offshoots.

That these are among the social tasks of the church, and that they are fit and proper, no one will deny. But all of them are tasks that can be quite well taken care of by other associations. If we are to understand the historic greatness of the church, or justify the expectations which social thinkers have formed of it, we must find some other work devolving upon it much more vital to society.

For light upon the part played by the church in society let us not ignore its critics.

To the cynic the church is an organization of parasites using the hopes and fears of men as means of self-aggrandizement. It exists for the priests, and at the expense of society.

To the naturalist the church appears as an organization for propagating and binding upon the heart and brain of men certain dogmas regarding human life and destiny which are cruel, false, and superstitious.

To the socialist the church seems to be the champion of the privileged, possessing, and exploiting classes against the righteous revolt of the victimized masses, offering them the bliss of heaven to reconcile them to their exclusion from the rightful enjoyment of this earth.

Undoubtedly at certain times and in certain countries the church has been each or all of these things. But if it has never been anything else, it is hard to see why it should last so long and be able, age after age, to ally with itself so much of the best element in society. If the church be merely a harbor of exploded dogmas, how can it endure in this critical age? If it be the screen or shield of parasitism, how can it last on into an era of humanitarian thought? It is perfectly easy to marshal facts showing the decay of the church. It is equally easy to cite data proving an impressive growth in influence. Both are true. On some sides the church is decaying; on other sides it is growing. Certainly rite and dogma, authority and ecclesiastical machinery, are obsolescent. But, beyond all doubt, in active membership, in moral effectiveness, in charities and philanthropy, in educational and social work, the church is gaining. Combine these and we have the indisputable fact that the church is changing; and it is by this insensible change that it is adapting itself to the temper and needs of the age, and preparing to outlive those who are weaving its shroud.

To the sociologist, what keeps the church most alive is its power to fit human beings for harmonious social life. The church is a brotherhood, but it is something more. It is a union for service, a bit of philanthropic machinery, a transmitter of opinion, but it is more even than these. It is, in the last analysis, the repository of certain related ideas, convictions, ideals, symbols, and appeals which are admitted to have more efficacy in socializing the human heart than any other group of influences known to Western civilization.

Does the human heart need socializing? Moralists and reformers from the days of Rousseau and Godwin have insisted on the goodness of human nature, and found the root of all evil in bad social institutions. But the sociologist can take no such rosy view. Whatever his origin, man has undoubtedly *come up*. Social order, instead of being spontaneous, is the formation of thousands of years. The self-restraints implied in social life have been slowly acquired. It is the social, not unsocial, in character that needs explaining; not evil, but goodness, presents the greater prob-

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lem. Rejecting, of course, the dogma of total depravity, we must still recognize that man brought to the beginnings of society only the feeble altruism developed in the relation of parents to offspring, and that even to-day social character is painfully dependent on influences which are unnoticed simply because so unfamiliar. People need to be trained or developed to the self-restraints, sacrifices, unselfishness, and helpfulness that must abound in the members of society if social life is to go on smoothly. Without space to prove, we can only lay down the proposition that the harmony we actually enjoy is for the most part due neither to the coercion of law or public opinion, nor to the inborn goodness of men, but to extensive changes wrought in character, especially during the early years.

The task of socializing men will always be with us. The wicked are cut off—but not always and not rapidly enough to raise very much our level of moral heredity. We dare not rest the future on a flabby faith that goodness once acquired is transmitted by inheritance to offspring. We cannot blink the fact that most of those constantly coming into our slowly built up social order would, if left to themselves, be utterly unable to keep up the moral tension it implies. That the mere contacts and intercourse of human beings will breed a certain mutual regard is true; but those abstract virtues, such as honesty, chastity, loyalty, fidelity to imposed tasks, and obedience to law, which underlie a highly differentiated society, do not spring up so spontaneously.

The great institutions for building character are the family and the church. The family implants the germ of the social virtues, but the bringing of them to full maturity needs stimuli and influences which the ordinary family cannot supply. To provide these is one of the functions of the church. I hope to establish that this is *the* social function of the church—its chief mission in society—by showing that no other association has such an equipment for this great task, while, on the other hand, the work of the church in mutual aid, philanthropy, reform, culture, and social intercourse could, without great loss, be assumed by other associations.

Let us inventory the means of the church for leading men and women away from a life of self-assertion.

There is, first of all, *religion*. Religion, as available for socializing purposes, consists chiefly in the conviction that, however separate we may seem in nature, life, and destiny, we are in fact united by unseen bonds. The naïve sense of distinctness is declared an illusion. Religious idealism asserts that we are members of one living whole, that our souls are not so sundered as are our bodies, that, despite our different ancestries, our souls have but one Father, and that we are in very truth brothers. The brotherhood of man, as understood through the fatherhood of God, is thus the central ethical affirmation of religion as we know it. If this be true, he alone is sane, natural, and normal who is in unison with his fellows. Selfishness is abnormal and degenerate, shutting us out from the fullness of life. The natural fruit of such convictions is to inspire sympathy for all human beings, and, indirectly, to fortify the social side of our nature in its struggle with selfishness by declaring its supremacy to be right, reasonable, and natural.

There is, next, a group of *ideals*. The church has a heritage of ethical types so nobly conceived and so graciously put as to have wonderful power of exciting love and admiration. But whatever in conduct or character we admire we strive to become. The admired becomes the ideal—the goal toward which we press. Now, the church is the custodian of many fragrant and precious ideals framed to the idea of fraternity. There are collective ideals, such as the transfigured society designated as "the kingdom of heaven;" abstract ideals, such as that of purity or forgiveness; specific ideals, such as Paul's portrait of the Christian; concrete ideals, such as the transcendent figure of Jesus. The effect of holding up such pattern lives, characters, qualities, or virtues, as they are embedded in the tradition of the church and set forth so entrancingly in narrative, example, parable, and saying, is to inspire for them a love and admiration that may become the formative force of a life.

Union in worship is part of the moral equipment of the church. We now

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believe that the mere assemblage of masses of men, provided that all *do* or *feel* something *together*, is of great power in overriding petty calculating egoism and stimulating the latent germs of the social nature. Nearly all societies have had great periodical assemblies — religious or patriotic—to honor deities, glorify heroes, or commemorate triumphs. In each case people are brought to feel for a time in the same way—to become infected with the same enthusiasm, admiration, reverence, or pride. From the perception of this unison flows a sentiment of sympathy—secondary, it is true, but perhaps the more important. So the unison implied in a common and genuine worship has, apart from its uplift, a distinct socializing value. It enlarges the "consciousness of kind," and, when there are discords, private enmities, scorns, envies, jealousies, and other moral oppositions, overrules and obliterates them in a larger concord.

Ceremony is another resource. People occupied in the practical round of everyday life degenerate in the direction of self-seeking prudence and calculation. It is the mission of ceremony, by its powerful symbolism, to jolt men out of this petty round and to fling them into an idea or vision vaster than they are used to. Ceremony calls up the conception of something greater in power, life, or numbers than the individual. It brings to mind the absent, the dead, the unborn. Now, the church, besides some mummery, has much good ceremony which has just this power. How full of meaning may become the sacraments, the responses, the reception of new members or the initiation of the young! There is in the pursuit of an austere ideal no help like fellowship, and much of the symbolism of the church is fitted to give the beginner in the moral life a sense of fellowship, not only with others who are under the same vows, but also with an "innumerable company" of good men and women of all the ages who have aspired as he aspires.

Music is another influence. Music is softening and mellowing in its effects on the feelings, and beyond all question promotes kindness and sympathy. Church music especially is suited to melt the hard crust of selfishness that forms around the heart in business or in daily life, and will certainly be used in the future as it has been in the past.

These, then—religion, ideals, common worship, ceremony, music—are *some* of the possessions of the church which fit it to develop social disposition. And the very rareness of such a combination should make clear why this mighty task should be the chief concern of the church. By books, schools, personal example, or ethical associations, social character may be built up, but, on the whole, not so surely as by a church that knows how to wield these influences. There is no other single environment which collects within itself so much that has proven efficacious in the regeneration of men and women as the church. Its peculiar fitness, therefore, points to its peculiar task.

If this view be sound, the church is not primarily organ of philanthropy, but preparer of the soil from which philanthropy springs; not fighting organization, grappling with dive or lottery, but nourisher of that hatred of evil which is the soul of every good cause; not reform club, but cherisher of that sense of a common life which is the tap-root of social betterment. I do not mean that the church is to be barred by strict construction from its utmost usefulness to society. But I insist that when the church turns law-enforcer or social agitator, it takes up a task that might perhaps be equally well done by a Citizens' Committee, a Reform League, or a Children's Aid Society. As the "eternal salvation" motive becomes feebler, and as the problems of the age press ever more strenuously, too many of its leaders, eager to vindicate its social usefulness, hurry the church forward into the dusty arena of social discussion. Verily it would be better to put off Paul's armor and resume the shepherd's sling.

The church is the inheritor of convictions, ideas, and sayings which are nothing less than regenerating because they are a well-spring of social impulse. For the church, hotfoot for social reform, to neglect individual regeneration would be a mistake. Special ephemeral societies without root, history, or prestige can push a reform. But in morally polarizing the lives of individuals, an organism like the church, having the great background of the past for its symbols, its teachings,

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and its examples, and offering admission to the fellowship of the men of nearly twenty centuries, has no mean advantage. Whatever else be undertaken, this work should not be slighted.

As the creation of a right heart is usually a matter of growth rather than of crisis, the church must begin with the young and attain its ends by a prolonged process of influencing. Its task is therefore educational, but yet of a peculiar kind. Most of us identify education with instruction—the imparting of facts and laws. And of course there is need of instruction in the content of ethics—of showing how the social being will act in this situation or that contingency. But what the Rev. E. M. Fairchild has happily called "the educational church" is not chiefly concerned with this easy work. Its main task is the development of a social disposition—the preparing of a clean heart and right aim. Such a change in feelings about actions, qualities, and people requires a discipline all its own. The schoolmaster, with his psychology, his object-lessons, his methods, and his drills, cannot help much here. Out of her centuries of experience with souls, out of her world-wide dealings with selfishness and sensuality, vice and crime, out of these as cautiously adapted to modern ways of thinking and feeling, must the church draw her means. The discipline outlined in the remarkable article of Mr. Fairchild, published in the "American Journal of Sociology" for September, 1896, and entitled "The Educational Church," shows not only a clear idea of the social purpose of the church, but an admirable insight into the methods of achieving that purpose.[1]

Certainly much mummery, crude indoctrination, mawkish sentiment, and antiquarian rubbish, needs to be brushed aside ere the current of regenerative influences shall flow clear. The numerous societies for Imposing the Jewish Cosmogony, Inculcating Mediæval Theology, or Torturing all manner of Moral Lessons from the lives of the Hebrew Patriarchs, fulfill no social mission except when they die. We must come to a catholicity that gathers inspiration wherever it can be found, whether from Paul or from Marcus Aurelius, St. Francis or Gautama, Baxter or Mencius, Bishop Wilson or Carlyle.

The sociologist expects no Pentecost. The failures of the church to touch the heart are as conspicuous as its successes. We know society contains unworkable clay—men inaccessible to any socializing influences the world has yet discovered. For such we must look to law and public opinion and perhaps the vision of divine wrath. But there is room for much gain. Many even now grow up quite apart from the influences of the church, while many others remain untouched because these influences have been perverted or deadened or misapplied. While the socializing influences of the church may perhaps be slightly enriched by drawing truths and illustrations and winged words from allied faiths, or from natural science, or from the discoveries of sociology, or from the masters of literature like Emerson or Hugo or Tolstoï or Browning, her main hope for usefulness lies in reaching more people and applying her distinctive influences more wisely.

[1] Reprints of the article on the Function of the Church, and of the present article, can be secured of the Educational Church Board, No. 139 S. Pine Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Price, each, 25 cents.

Three Interviews with Fate

By Madeleine Yale Wynne

Fate looked into my door one day when I was young. "How does thy life suit thee?" she asked. "Not at all," said I. "It is too narrow, too restricted, too monotonous. I like it not. I need opportunity. I crave large freedom. I am too pent up, my bounds are inelastic, and my life suits me not. My spirit is greater than its house; it is suited for higher flights. I beg of thee, Fate, to change it." Fate nodded and said: "Wait; thy life will yet be big enough for thee; wait."

Fate looked in at my door a second time; I was then in the stress and toil of middle life. "How does thy life suit thee now?" asked she.

"It does not fit at all," I answered. "It is too large, altogether too large for my small measure; it bags and flaps in the wind; it suits me not. I find myself lost in the magnitude of its too ample pro-

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portions. I cannot fill it; there are great empty spaces, and though I hurry hither and thither, I can never quite reach its bounds. Sometimes I think there are no bounds, and I tremble in my too great freedom. I am too small for my life, too inadequate, too immeasurably inferior in view of its opportunities. I pray thee, Fate, bound me, hedge me in, let me at least fill a smaller life to its utmost proportions. I am grotesquely small for my garment of life: canst thou not fit it to me?" Fate nodded and said: "Thou wilt yet find that thy life will fit thee; wait a while longer."

Fate came a third time, and, putting her head well within my door, she said: "How does thy life suit thee now?" I was sitting by the fire knitting. I smiled and said: "Life fits me well now; it is neither too small nor too big. Its folds are warm, and they cover me satisfactorily. I can move easily within my life, and it does not hamper me. I have become habituated to it. I can grasp it and control it. Other lives pass by, but they do not conflict with mine, or much trouble me. I am content. I ask nothing of thee, Fate." Fate nodded. "Come with me," she said. "Thou needest a change" And forthwith she boxed up my life in a long and narrow receptacle and put it away from me, saying, "Come;" and, much wondering, I followed her.

Miss Cyrilla's Neighbor

By Sophie Swett

FIVE Chinese laundries already at Jericho Junction! After a week's effort to compete with them, Sam Lee packed up his soda and starch and flat-irons, and went by the first trip of the new railroad to North Jericho. Mary Olive Perkins, leaning over the gate in the September twilight, first heard the news from Mrs. Abiel Treat, who was going, with her shawl over her head, to see if Pa had gone to sleep and was oblivious of the fact that it was time to close the store.

"Have you heard who has hired Lemuel's old place?" asked Mrs. Treat, breathlessly, with a nod towards the red cottage, whose small old-fashioned garden adjoined Mary Olive's aunt's large old-fashioned one. "A Chinee! a real, yellow-faced, pigtailed Chinaman! I saw him aboard the cars, and, thinks I, 'the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone.' I *was* beat when he got off at North Jericho and I heard he'd hired the Lemuel Treat place to set up a laundry! Right next to your Aunt Cyrilla, of all things! I should 'most think she'd move away."

"Aunt Cyrilla *is* particular," said Mary Olive; and she heaved a little sigh. (Some people thought that if Miss Cyrilla had not been so particular—that is, so suspicious and so severe—little Jeff, Mary Olive's brother, would never have run away to sea.) "But I don't think she would feel that she could move away from the old homestead. I don't know what she *will* do."

"Oh, well, maybe he isn't the kind that worships idols," said Mrs. Treat, consolingly. "Down at the Junction they've got some of 'em to Sunday-school. I wonder if it's true that they eat cats and dogs. I guess your Aunt Cyrilla had better keep her old Fanny shut up!"

"Because of the Simpkins boys?" asked an anxious voice out of the dusk, and in the road appeared Miss Cyrilla. "I have just been speaking firmly to Dr. Simpkins about Tommy's having a gun."

Mrs. Treat was silent, in obedience to imperative signs from Mary Olive.

"I don't want her to know till Monday. It would spoil her Sunday," she said, aside. But, lo! the next morning (Sunday) there hung shades, stiffly starched and spotlessly white, in the windows of the red cottage. Sam Lee had come like a thief in the night.

Miss Cyrilla, pausing on her way to church, read the sign in a tangle of decayed hop-vines over the front door.

"Sam Lee? One of the Lees from the north village? Mary Olive, what does it mean? A laundry? Not a Chinaman!"

"I suppose we must expect such things, living on the main street. And he may not be a troublesome neighbor," said Mary Olive, hopefully. "Mrs. Treat said

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that at the Junction some of them go to Sunday-school."

Miss Cyrilla hesitated but a moment, then walked firmly up to the laundryman's door and lifted the ancient knocker.

The door opened slowly, and a melancholy Mongolian face looked unsmilingly out upon them.

"We called to invite you to go to church with us," said Miss Cyrilla, the more stiffly that she tried to be suave.

"No go churchee; namee all samee Melican man"—a trace of emotion (was it pride?) appeared upon the inscrutable yellow face as he pointed to his sign—"but churchee no samee Melican man." Miss Cyrilla tried to nerve herself for missionary effort, but her courage failed; this gentle, placid being was so relentlessly unresponsive.

"I used to think," she murmured, after the door had closed gently, resolutely, upon her, "that if it were not for you and Jeff I should go as a missionary to foreign lands. But it seems difficult to reach them, with their strange habits and customs. I wonder what he eats."

Miss Cyrilla stood still, suddenly, upon the sidewalk. The faint pink in her cheeks actually flickered away. She called to Viola, her maid-of-all-work, who followed behind them.

"Are you sure, Viola, that you shut Fanny into the shed?"

"Yes, ma'am, the very last thing," answered Viola, confidently.

But when they returned from church Fanny was not in the shed. The doors were shut, but the great wooden button upon the door that led into the orchard was not turned.

"Seeing that door almost always is fastened, I don't know as I looked at it!" confessed Viola, with tears.

Miss Cyrilla went in one direction, Mary Olive in another, and Viola in yet another, all calling "Fanny, Fanny!" Miss Cyrilla saw the Chinaman watching them, his yellow face flattened against the pane.

Fanny was not to be found.

"The Simpkins boys?" murmured Mary Olive, as she looked into her aunt's face.

"No," said Miss Cyrilla, solemnly, "not the Simpkins boys. They were at church and Sunday-school." Suddenly Miss Cyrilla burst into tears.

"I suppose it is a weakness, but one does become attached to a dumb creature so intelligent as Fanny; and she was little Jeff's kitten."

Mary Olive turned towards the door, with stern resolution in her face.

"I will go and ask Sam Lee if he has seen Fanny!" she said. "It may be that he has not yet—"

"I will send him some food—wait, Mary Olive," said Miss Cyrilla, "and we will all go; that will be safer."

Viola went ahead with a tray; it had upon it the cold roast chicken intended for their own Sunday dinner, with the proper garnishings, and a dainty dessert. The Chinaman shook his head over it gently, and with apparently genuine gratitude. He could not eat like Melican man, he explained; he knew how to cook all those things, he remarked, with evident pride, but he ate only rice.

Miss Cyrilla permitted herself to sniff delicately; there was an odor of cooking rice; other and unfamiliar odors mingled with it. Miss Cyrilla's cheek was pale when she asked him if he had seen her cat.

He shook his head slowly; his yellow face was a riddle. He had been asleep; he had seen nothing, he said.

"Worshipee?" he called after them, earnestly.

"He means to ask if we worship the cat," interpreted Mary Olive, whose perceptions were quicker than her aunt's.

"Mercy, how dreadful! But, thinking that, would he—eat her?" said Miss Cyrilla.

Mary Olive thought it would be well to give Sam Lee the benefit of the doubt. But Fanny, alas! returned not.

Within the week the neighbor made a journey to the Junction, and, returning, appeared at Miss Cyrilla's door with a small china image of a cat, which he presented to Miss Cyrilla with a benevolent smile.

"Allee samee cat?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, you—you are kind," stammered poor Miss Cyrilla, "but you don't understand."

"Chinaman likee, too. Sam Lee likee smallee-furree." He lowered his hand to within a little distance of the floor and pointed to the china cat to explain his meaning.

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"But—but *how* do you like them?" asked Miss Cyrilla, with a volume of reproach in her tone.

"Likee velly well, velly well," he repeated, earnestly. His face was so honest that Miss Cyrilla wavered. But what could have caused the mysterious disappearance of Fanny, a cat of irreproachably regular habits?

Yet if he *had* eaten Fanny she still had a duty to perform, thought Miss Cyrilla.

"I wish you would go to church and Sunday-school and learn the principles of our Christian religion," she said, coldly and stiffly, although her heart yearned over him, a poor heathen—and almost a cannibal!

"Chinaman 'ligion no samee Melican 'ligion. Sam Lee no likee Melican 'ligion," he said, and walked away.

"I shall never win him," thought Miss Cyrilla, despairingly. He turned back suddenly. "You 'ligion makee good," he said.

Miss Cyrilla's face flushed with gratification; she had received many tributes to her Christian graces, but never one that moved her like this. And she felt that she had done very little to deserve it.

Mary Olive had come to the door, and she gazed at the china cat, mirth and dismay struggling in her face. She was working upon a crazy-quilt for the church fair, and she had thrown it over her shoulder—tiny bits of brilliant-hued silk sewed together at random.

The Chinaman's stolidity vanished utterly at sight of it. He stretched forth his lean yellow fingers and touched it caressingly.

"Melican shawl muchee fine!" he said, enthusiastically.

"Show Mr.—Mr. Lee the lining," said Miss Cyrilla, graciously. And Mary Olive displayed the under side, of crimson silk, warm and lustrous.

Sam Lee's long, soft eyes actually glowed and narrowed—covetously, Miss Cyrilla was afraid. She remembered it afterwards.

Mary Olive went, a few days later, to make her annual visit to Aunt Polly Lovett, at Dingletown. She said that, as the preserving was off their minds, and her crazy-quilt done, while the church fair was postponed until the middle of October, it seemed just the right time to take for her visit. Aunt Polly was apt to be rheumatic, and needed to be cheered up when the fall rains came on.

Miss Cyrilla didn't foresee, of course, that Viola's mother would fall down stairs and Viola be obliged to go home to take care of her, and that the very day she went Parson Doulton, her old minister, and his wife, would come to dine with her. It happened that there was very little to eat in the house, and Miss Cyrilla was sadly lacking in culinary gifts; in North Jericho people shook their heads mournfully over her lack of "faculty."

In her extremity Miss Cyrilla called to Sam Lee over their mutual garden fence. Would he kill a chicken for her? Sam Lee would, and would also "cookee" the chicken. Let Miss Cyrilla only leave her kitchen to him, and see how fine a dinner he would cook and serve!

Miss Cyrilla hesitated only a moment; her need was so great that the offer seemed providential. She sat in her parlor and entertained her visitors, and heard only faint echoes of Sam Lee's valiant deeds in the kitchen. She sat at her table, at least outwardly composed, and ate of as dainty a meal as was ever served there.

"Such treasures, these Chinese servants!" said the minister's wife, who had come from the far West and was not surprised when Sam Lee waited at table, swift-footed, noiseless, alert.

"And amenable to the influences of Christianity, I find," said the old minister, hopefully.

But Miss Cyrilla remembered Fanny, and she looked at the Chinaman and sighed.

She sighed still more heavily, she even wept distractedly, that night, after both her guests and Sam Lee had departed. She had been thinking gratefully of Sam Lee's services; she wished that she could have realized more fully how beneficent and how capable a being he was, for then she might have had a mind wholly at ease, and she might have remembered to inquire after Elias Robinson's son, who was preaching somewhere in California, and she might have remembered to show Mary Olive's silk bed-quilt to the minister's wife. She arose from her chair at this thought, and went into the little sewing-room which opened from the dining-

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room; on the lounge there Mary Olive's silk quilt had lain, carefully folded. She had seen Sam Lee's furtive glance wander through the open door of that room, and had wondered what attracted it. Now she knew—for the quilt was gone!

"So easy for him to slip away with it to his own house, while I sat quietly in the parlor," thought Miss Cyrilla, and bitterly reproached herself for her carelessness.

"Something must be done! I can't wink at this, as I did at poor Fanny's dreadful fate," said Miss Cyrilla to herself.

It was already nightfall, a windy and rainy Saturday night. Parson Doulton had prophesied the equinoctial storm, and wished that it were possible for them to remain over Sunday. She could not go for an officer, thought Miss Cyrilla, and she had no one to send. Old Mr. Abiel Treat and his clerk were busy in their store a few rods away, but she hesitated to call upon them. To brand Sam Lee as a thief would be to lose him. Was she, who had wished to go as a missionary to foreign lands, unable to reclaim one heathen? "I will go alone, and beg him to return the quilt," she resolved. "I will show him his wickedness, and tell him of God's forgiveness."

But Miss Cyrilla lingered, fortifying herself; this strange Oriental being was so incomprehensible, and it was difficult to make him understand the simplest forms of speech; how should any lofty sentiment appeal to him? Perhaps an officer of the law would be more effectual.

Yet, after all, Miss Cyrilla's heart prevailed. She was an old-fashioned woman of simple faith, and she believed it to be providential that the Chinaman was her neighbor.

The three church bells of North Jericho were ringing nine o'clock when she protected herself with waterproof and rubbers against the tempestuous weather and hurried to the Chinaman's front door.

Sam Lee opened it to her with unwonted hesitation. He stood before her firmly when she would have advanced into the narrow entryway.

"Oh, won't you let me have it? I can't think you meant to be so wicked as to steal!" cried Miss Cyrilla, impetuously, forgetting all the little set speeches that she had prepared.

"No stealee. You no thinkee? Chinaman no thinkee stealee!" he said, earnestly.

"Perhaps you only took it for a pattern," suggested Miss Cyrilla, hopefully.

Sam Lee shook his head, and stood stolid and immovable before her.

"I shall have to send an officer here if you don't give it to me," said Miss Cyrilla, sternly. "People are not allowed to steal in this country."

"Boy—smallee, sickee, lonee. Send officer, no lettee in. Chinaman fightee," said Sam Lee, serenely.

What did the man mean?

"If you are sick and alone—" faltered Miss Cyrilla. And then she recovered herself with stern resolution. These were the tricks of the "heathen Chinee," of which she had read.

"I am going in search of an officer," she said as she turned towards the door.

A boy's voice, broken by a sob, came from the inner room.

"Oh, you wouldn't do that *yourself*, Aunt Cyrilla!" A boy rushed to her arms; a tall boy he seemed to her—little Jeff had been away more than a year. "I didn't even know that they suspected me of being with those boys who broke into the store, until Joe Bingler told me at the station. Then I wouldn't go home to disgrace you. But I wanted just to look in at the window and see you. And then I had a cough, and I was cold and wet, and old Mr. Lemuel Treat was always kind. I thought I would ask him to let me stay all night. He"—the boy nodded towards the stolid Chinese figure—"was even kinder. He knew that I didn't steal as soon as I told him! Aunt Cyrilla, you wouldn't get an officer for me?"

Miss Cyrilla hugged him close—the boy who had run away to sea because she was too "particular"—and she took the Chinaman's yellow, skinny hand in hers. "There is some strange mistake; I cannot understand," she murmured; "but I shall never forget that you were good to him."

She wrapped the boy in her own waterproof and half carried him home; she stopped his penitent lips with kisses—he showed that he had suffered so much.

She quite forgot Sam Lee; and yet in

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the background of her mind there lurked the consciousness of a painful duty to be done. People must not be allowed to steal.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright. It had not been the equinoctial storm, after all. Uncle Jerry Bemis and his wife, who lived five miles out on the "back road," stopped on their way to church; Uncle Jerry lifted a large covered basket from the carriage, and from the basket there came to Miss Cyrilla's ears a sweetly familiar "meow."

"I expect you've been some anxious about your cat," called Aunt Bemis. "I told Joe Medbury to come here and tell you we'd got her, fore part of the week, and I haven't but just found out that he went round the other road and forgot all about it. You see, when we were going home from meeting—our meeting lets out before yours does—Pa heard her meowing, and nothing would do but he must open your woodshed door and let her out!—you know how Pa feels about dumb creatures. When we got clear up into the woods road, if there wasn't that cat following us! Pa has always made much of her, you know, and I expect that, feeling kind of lonesome, she thought she'd just come along. Pa was afraid she'd get lost, so he picked her up and carried her home—we couldn't fetch her back 'count of Marilly being alone. And Pa has kept her shut up ever since. I told him if he'd just let her out she'd find her way home, but he wouldn't risk it."

There came a letter from Mary Olive the next day. Aunt Polly was better than she had expected to find her; so well that she had already begun to make a silk crazy-quilt like Mary Olive's. "I stuffed the quilt into my trunk the very last thing," wrote Mary Olive, "because I thought it would please Aunt Polly to see it."

That crazy-quilt never went to the fair. Miss Cyrilla bought it, giving the money to the fair instead. She intended it for a present to a friend, she said. On a beautiful October Sunday Sam Lee appeared from his cottage and joined Miss Cyrilla's family procession to church. He wore a tunic, cut in the Chinese fashion; it was of brilliant-hued bits of silk, sewn together at random. At neck and sleeves it was folded over, to show a beautiful crimson silk lining.

Sam Lee gazed at it with pride. "Allee samee Melican!" he said with a gentle smile.

Children and the Classics

By Adeline Knapp

I WAS driving along a winding, hill-climbing road, just outside the city, when I met three boys. It was a school holiday, and in the city below us a procession was forming, but for some reason these three urchins were debarred from witnessing it. Any one who knows boys can imagine how cheerful they looked, sitting there by the highway.

I knew them by sight only, but their doleful faces were a mute appeal, and, being myself on pleasure bent, I invited them to climb into the vehicle. They were a queer trio. One was hatless, one was shoeless, two were ragged, and the third was the carefully attired darling of his mother. The eldest may have been eleven years old, the youngest about eight. They were a little shy, as real boys ought to be, and somewhat awed by their own daring in accepting my invitation. We got along very nicely, however, and after driving for half an hour or so we came to a pleasant wood, where we tied the pony and started on a trip of exploration among the redwoods and madrones, the wild lilac, and the manzanita. We found a tangle of ripening huckleberries, and then our joy was complete.

As we swung, hand in hand, down a wide pathway, the delight of the mountain-top and the freshness of the fragrant redwoods made my heart light, and, without any special thought of selection, I began to quote, to the rhythm of our quick steps:

> Lars Porsena of Clusium,
> By the nine gods he swore—

when, to my great surprise, my small companions took up the lines—

> That the great house of Tarquin
> Should suffer wrong no more,

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The youngest of the boys was, if anything, the most enthusiastic.

By the nine gods he swore it,

he proclaimed, with a great shout, and the others rolled off the rest of the stanza with a zest that was good to note:

And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

By this time they were in the full swing of it, and my memory failed me long before one of them stumbled among the classic names that pepper the brave verses.

"Why, we learned that at school," one of them said, when at last I began to question them. Then the little impromptu excursion became to me a delight. These three boys, two of them of Irish parentage, the other brought, as a baby, to this country from Holland, had a common fund of good literature, acquired in the public school they all attended, that might have shamed many a professedly "well-read" man or woman. They were enthusiastically ready to talk of the stories they knew, the poems that had been read to them, the myths they had learned. They told me of Homer, wandering from city to city, singing his immortal songs. They were particularly interested in King Admetus sitting under his tree, thinking of the good of his people. "When a boy sits under a tree and does nothing," one said, shrewdly, "folks say he's no good." They knew the myth of Pegasus, and the smallest chap told me that "Pegasus couldn't travel on the dirt road because he was made for the sky road. We're made for the sky road," he added, with a funny little nod.

Curiously enough, it seemed to me, the interest of the two older boys was centered in a poem I should not have thought of their caring for. They had had Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" read to them, and they asked me what I thought the merman ought to have done. One of them was quite sure of the masculine right to "fix the domicile," while the other seemed to think the merman should have tried to live on land.

But I wish all good people who are inclined to scoff at the utility of teaching classic literature to young children (and I regret that the number of these is not small) could have been present during the hour that these lads entertained me with their chatter. As an object-lesson the incident was all that could be desired. There could be no doubt of their interest, or of the practical value to them of the fund of ideas already stored in their young minds.

The "three R's" can lose nothing of their value in the education of the young through association with things of wider range. The end of education, after all, is not so much to enable a human being to make a living as to help him to live. We are apt to think of culture as something that distinguishes a man, and sets him apart from his fellows; but if culture makes a fuller life, it must certainly manifest itself in fuller fellowship, in greater capacity for human love and usefulness. These are as real parts of culture as scholastic attainment can possibly be. They belong to our essential humanity, and the other is only of value as it leads up to them.

Recognition of the need to awaken the young human being into the very widest human sympathy and usefulness is the central, beautiful truth of modern educational thought, which accepts and uses whatever helps to do this; and the new recognition of the value to childhood of what we call the world-literature is one of the most practical manifestations we have of the genuineness of modern teaching. There is a deep, close bond of union in common knowledge held in men's hearts, of the common life and thought, hopes and trials, successes and failures of the race, and these are preserved to us in our great literature. The true "brotherhood of man" is expressed therein, and it is because this is so that "reading maketh a full man."

It is not impossible that the present sharp distinctions between social planes in our country are rendered more definite and more hopeless by the neglect of this common fund of mental resource and pleasure. It is possible that some of our economic problems have arisen because, in our anxiety for material prosperity, our eagerness to move with the procession, and our worship of the modern, we have lost sight of humanity's common intellectual heritage, the record of humanity's hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, "be-

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liefs and disbelieving," wrought into our universal literature, and, commonly held and rightly valued, strong to bind men's hearts together, and wise to turn men's minds from dwelling in externals.

It is a good thing for childhood that its literary needs are to-day gaining recognition, and that we are coming to a real understanding of childish taste and capacity. Our great world-stories, myth, tradition, epic, and fairy tale, are of use to childhood not merely because of their direct teaching, but because they belong to the good delights of life, and these are among the best formative influences. It is significant, too, that much of our finest literature, ancient and more recent, the work which stirs the hearts and minds of men and women, is curiously acceptable to childhood. This in spite of the preconceived idea of a great many people that books for children must be childish.

Not only is this idea untrue, but books for children are perhaps all the more pleasing to them for not being about children. Few even of Mother Goose's Melodies, childhood's very earliest treasures, are about children, yet how the babies love them! The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, are all books that, written originally for grown people, have come to be regarded as the peculiar property of childhood. Children like and understand these stories. Despite the whimsical absurdities of many of the people who figure in many of them, they recognize the people themselves as real; and a child comprehends a genuine grown person far more readily than he does a manufactured child in a made-to-order child's story. So the fairy tale, with its stories about kings and queens, its gnomes and griffins and elves, and its long narratives about the grown-up world, is the delight of childish hearts. The family cares and conversations of Father and Mother Stork and Owl interest even little children more than the doings of the young storks and the owlets, and Father Hedgehog is more interesting to them than are his progeny.

"It's just as mean as it can be," a four-year-old child once said to her sister, aged six years.

"My dear," said the other, with an anxious glance at their dolls, "that is not fit for the children to hear."

I was greatly amazed until I remembered the remark as one made by Father Owl, in one of Hans Andersen's tales that I had read to her a few days before.

While human enjoyment is by no means the end of culture, still, happiness is a very essential factor in human usefulness. Enjoyment of what I have called "the good delights of life" goes far towards maintaining us in the attitude of best helpfulness towards our fellows; and there is a wonderful power in the world's best literature to open up before us broad fields of enjoyment. It brings even the child into wider human sympathy, and prepares him for the very fullest attainment, even in the so-called "lower walks" of life. "For out of olde books that menne reade cometh all this new science that menne teach."

Baboo English

Specimens of the whimsical vagaries of Baboo English are contributed to "St. Martin's-le-Grand" by an Indian postal official. A subordinate who was fined sent this appeal to the chief:

> Your Honor may be right, I may be wrong, I may be right and Honor wrong, let Honor give me back the fine, and then at day of resurrection, when all hearts will be open, if I am wrong, I will most gladly, sir, return your Honor the money.

Another requested leave of absence, advancing the reason that "*though drugged bellyfully*," he could not throw off the fever. Urged doubtless by motives of kindness, a local postmaster wrote to headquarters:

> Office cat, by reason of death of rats, daily growing lean. Will superintendent please increase the contingent allowance for her restoration to stoutness?

Called upon to explain why he had not signed a money order issued by him, a sub-postmaster replied:

> The strong headache which I felt that day made me somewhat epileptic in my bodily system, and would not allow me to recover my senses, which were three sheets in the wind before closing the mail, which I did anyhow or other.

The penitence of a corrected spirit is displayed in the following:

> I am willing to undergo any punishment you give me, for they will be useful to me in future. Patrons should not save their rods for spoiling their children.

And the resentment of a righteous man wrongly accused is expressed in these words:

> If the post-office will be investigated in this manner according these villains false compliments, and we shall be blamed how the Government service will be performed by us, for our disregard?

How indeed!

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Books and Authors

Dean Church's "Occasional Papers" [1]

It is probable that Dean Church never published anything not worth reading. This impression, which during his lifetime most must have had, is confirmed by the appearance of two volumes containing selections from his contributions from 1846 to 1890 to the "Guardian," the "Times," and the "Saturday Review." As early as 1846 the Dean began writing for the "Guardian," and continued to be a regular weekly contributor down to 1871. For the "Saturday Review" we are told that he wrote regularly, though less frequently, during the decade 1861–1871. No complete record remains of his contributions to the "Times." The Dean's daughter, Miss Mary Church, is responsible for this selection from her father's writings. She has abundantly realized her aim to make the selection as far as possible representative of Dean Church's work, and at the same time to choose only those of his writings which deal with books and matters of permanent interest. The editor has tried to meet the disadvantage of a possible fragmentary appearance of these essays by grouping the various subjects together where there seems to be any relationship of thought running through them.

To churchmen, perhaps the most interesting of all the papers is a short one written in 1889 and entitled "The New Court." This was Dean Church's last utterance on any distinctively ecclesiastical question. The closing passages of this essay have an almost prophetic tone:

> There is this interest about the present proceedings, that they illustrate with curious closeness, amid so much that is different, the way in which great spiritual prerogatives grew up in the Church. They may have ended disastrously; but at their first beginnings they were usually inevitable, innocent, blameless. Time after time the necessity arose of some arbiter among those who were themselves arbiters, rulers, judges. Time after time this necessity forced those in the first rank into this position, as being the only persons who could be allowed to take it; and so Archbishops, Metropolitans, Primates appeared, to preside at assemblies, to be the mouthpiece of a general sentiment, to decide between high authorities, to be the center of appeals. The Papacy itself at its first beginning had no other origin. It interfered because it was asked to interfere; it judged because there was no one else to judge. And so necessities of a very different kind have forced the Archbishop of Canterbury of our day into a position which is new and strange to our experience, and which, however constitutional and reasonable it may be, must give every one who is at all affected by it a good deal to think about.

The above excerpt reveals Dean Church as most regard him—as an ecclesiastic, and one with a notable historical bent. This impression will be deepened by the reading of his reviews of Stanley's "Lectures," of Merivale's "Roman Empire," of Thierry's "St. Jerome," of Ranke's "History of the Popes," of Morrison's "St. Bernard," of Bossuet's "Earlier Sermons," of Döllinger's "Reunion of Christendom," of Mr. Gladstone's "Letters," of Renan's "Vie de Jésus" and "Les Apôtres," of Maurice's "Theological Essays," above all of Cardinal Newman's life and ecclesiastical trend. Of all the essays which have to do with theology and religion, those on Cardinal Newman are the most interesting, for we feel that Dean Church was specially able to write exactly and impressively on the Tractarian situation. In the Dean's estimate of Newman we have at once criticism of his sermons, criticism of his course, and criticism of his life. Superb as were the Cardinal's characterizations of others, they were hardly better than Dean Church's picture of Newman's naturalness—a picture which we do not always remember:

> He protested with whimsical fierceness against being made a hero or a sage; he was what he was, he said, and nothing more; and he was inclined to be rude when people tried to force him into an eminence which he refused. With his profound sense of the incomplete and the ridiculous in this world, and with a humor in which the grotesque and pathetic sides of life were together recognized at every moment, he never hesitated to admit his own mistakes—his "floors" as he called them. All this ease and frankness with those whom he trusted, all this satisfied his love of freedom, his sense of the real. It was his delight to give himself free play with those whom he could trust; to feel that he could talk with "open heart," understood without explaining, appealing for a response which would not fail, though it was not heard. He could be stiff enough with those who he thought were acting a part, or pretending to more than they could perform. But he believed—what was not very easy to believe beforehand—that he could win the sympathy of his countrymen, though not their agreement with him; and so, with characteristic naturalness and freshness, he wrote the "Apologia."

To many, however, Dean Church's name stands for "mere literature;" to many the name stands for historical acumen quite as much as for theology or for criticism of life. It must have been a deep satisfaction to Carlyle that his "Cromwell" was reviewed so dispassionately and yet illuminatively by such a reviewer as Dean Church; to Mr. Lecky that his "History of Morals" was so reviewed; and to the editors of the lives of Frederick Robertson and of Baron Bunsen that those biographies were so reviewed. If he had not been a theologian and a literary critic, Dean Church would perhaps have taken higher rank as a pure historian. But because he was a theologian and a literary critic, his historical works and his historical criticism will perhaps be somewhat overshadowed by his accomplishments in other directions. Judging the man as a whole, however, we can see how admirably one field fits into another, and that each helps the other. Let us

[1] *Occasional Papers.* By the late R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L., sometime Rector of Whatley, Dean of St. Paul's, Honorary Fellow of Oriel College. In Two Volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

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take up the essays on Epictetus, on Guicciardini, on Loyola, on Lamennais, and we have but to read a few pages to be certain of the strength of this union.

The two volumes of these "Occasional Papers" form a library which no man of letters, no man of theological and ecclesiastical and historical knowledge, will do well to be without. The volumes are at once an education and an inspiration.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending August 14. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

Christians would not willingly let die the smallest address of Phillips Brooks; it is with intense satisfaction, therefore, that we chronicle the appearance of two addresses delivered by him before the Church Congress. For years these addresses have been lying among hundreds of others contained in the official reports of the Congress. In bringing the Brooks addresses to light Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of New York, has done a service the value of which will be recognized by every one. The little volume is called *Best Methods of Promoting Spiritual Life*, and is full of that energizing, quickening quality which characterized everything that fell from the inspired lips of the great American preacher. We can hardly commend this book too highly. ——We reserve for later notice the admirable *Age of the Renascence*, by the Rev. Paul van Dyke, to which his brother, the Rev. Henry van Dyke, contributes an interesting introduction. (The Christian Literature Company, New York.)

Brother Azarias: The Life-Study of an American Monk, by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., is a glowing eulogy of the work of an Irish-American who devoted his life to the cause of Catholic education. The subject of the narrative—born Patrick Francis Mullany—came to this country as a child at the time of the great Irish immigration, and was educated in the vicinity of Utica, N. Y. Though vigorously American in many of his sentiments, he early surrendered to the ideals of the Church of his fathers, and made it his mission to popularize those ideals among the children of his own denomination, and secure for them the respect of the Protestant community about him. The volume, in spite of the exaggerated claims it makes for the Catholic Church as an immemorial factor in popular education, is of decided value because of the insight it gives into the life of the Catholic Church in this country. (William H. Young & Co., New York.)

Glimpses of God and Other Sermons, by B. Gwernydd Newton, of the Franklin Avenue Congregational Church of Cleveland, Ohio, has been published in the hope of raising the debt resting upon the church. Though somewhat conversational, the sermons are nevertheless vigorous in thought and genuine in sentiment. That which marks them as belonging to the older school of religious writings is that none of the "glimpses of God" are those which come to men when helping the humblest of their brothers in the struggles of life. (Franklin Avenue Congregational Church, Cleveland.)

Two little books of devotional character have been added to the long list of literature of this kind published by the F. H. Revell Company, of New York. They are *A Holy Life and How to Live It*, by the Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor, and *Saved and Kept*, by the Rev. F. B. Meyer. Both these books deserve praise for their simple and true Christian spirit.

ECONOMICS

Sound Money Monographs, by William C. Cornwell, President of the City Bank of Buffalo, is a collection of spirited papers and addresses advocating the gold standard, the retirement of paper money issued by the Government, and the authorization of the banks to issue paper money in proportion to their capital stock. The author assumes that the issue of notes under the Sherman Act was the cause of the present depression, and asserts that when we begin to cancel the greenbacks prosperity will be assured. He thus rejects entirely the law that the value of money is governed by the relation of supply and demand. For if this law holds good, the Sherman Act, which increased the currency, could not have caused the recent fall in prices; and the retirement of the greenbacks, which would diminish the currency, could not but further lower values and deepen the depression. He rejects this fundamental law of prices, however, with such confidence that one wonders whether he is aware that its truth was universally accepted until the beginning of the present currency controversy. Rejecting it, he of course sees no philosophic basis for bimetallism of any sort. The most dangerous error in the book, however, has no relation to the question of bimetallism. It is Mr. Cornwell's assumption that an elastic currency, based on the assets of banks, will increase as the country needs more money, and decrease as it needs less. On the contrary, such a currency, as English experience showed, increases in times of over-confidence when prices are rising, and decreases in times of panic when prices are falling. It expands when business can be done on credit, and contracts when everybody needs cash. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

OUT-OF-DOORS

To its exquisite books already published, the Roycroft Printing Shop of East Aurora, New York, has now added *Upland Pastures*, by Adeline Knapp. The book is partly illuminated by hand, and the illustration is at once striking and

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appropriate. The book's typographical appearance reminds one of the admirable works printed by the late William Morris. If London has its Kelmscott Press, Buffalo may feel pride in the nearness of its Roycroft. The fine taste exhibited in the books put forth at East Aurora cannot fail to have a beneficial influence upon bookmakers everywhere. The text of the present volume is as charming as its environment. The essays deal with the beautiful things that the spring and summer bring; with flowers, birds, bees, brooks, and all field life. The style is simple, unstilted, and reverent. Every one ought to be helped by such reading.

NOVELS AND TALES

Some books written to give children religious instruction and develop spiritual life should be suppressed. To give a child perverted and distorted views of his relations to God and the world is to do him as great harm as to put in his hands a distinctively immoral book that will appeal to the meanest and lowest passions, or give him false views of the relations of life and the forces that make for good or evil. One book is read secretly, and its evil is thus limited, for there is the unconscious recognition of its character. The other is read with the approval of those to whose judgment the child trusts. *A Thoughtless Seven*, by the author of "Probable Sons" (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), is a morbid, unhealthy, irreligious presentation of God and good to little children, in the form of a story.

BIOGRAPHY

The life of *Audubon* was fascinating both in its scientific and personal aspects. The story has been told in brief form by Mary F. Bradford, in a little book published by the Audubon Monument Association of New Orleans, and its sale will aid in the erection of the monument to the famous naturalist in the park at New Orleans which has been named after him. The book is prettily printed and illustrated, and is written with a distinctive charm of manner.

SCHOOL-BOOKS, ETC.

A handbook called *Literary Art* has been prepared by Harriet Noble, instructor in English literature at Vassar. Such handbooks usually deal with science rather than with the art of literature. The present book is, however, to some extent critical as well as analytical, and while we should not agree with all the dicta of the author, we are sure that her book contains many suggestions of value to the student. (The Inland Publishing Company, Terre Haute, Ind.)

The *Advanced Music Reader* is the seventh and last book in the Natural Music Course, by Frederic H. Ripley, Principal of the Charles Sumner School, Boston, and Thomas Tapper, instructor of musical composition and theory in the American College of Musicians. This Music Reader is designed for normal and high school use, and for the home. (The American Book Company, New York.)

Dr. George Hempl, Professor in the University of Michigan, has published, through Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston, a treatise on *German Orthography and Phonology*, which may well receive careful attention from students of the German language. The treatise is not only systematic but eminently practical on subjects pertaining to writing, printing, and uttering modern German. Spelling and phonetics have already received full treatment from other scholars, but accent and development of German letter-forms have been neglected, and hence Dr. Hempl gives abundant space to the latter subjects.

MISCELLANEOUS

The mother to-day who watches the announcements of the book publishers for the books on the care, training, and culture of children, and is able to avail herself of the knowledge the experts and the would-be-considered experts place at her command, is accumulating a library. The latest addition to this mothers' special field of literature is *Infancy and Childhood*, by Frances Fisher Wood. (Harper & Brothers, New York.) Mrs. Wood is a graduate of Vassar College, the wife of a physician, and a mother who has put her college-accumulated knowledge of physiology and chemistry into practice. By studying the chemical changes in milk, she developed a method of sterilizing milk which benefited her own children so much that she puts her knowledge and experience at the service of other mothers. By voice and pen and business enterprise, Mrs. Wood was the pioneer in this method of treating infants' food. A woman with this training and experience is qualified to write a book on "Infancy and Childhood" that will be a guide to less well-equipped and experienced mothers. The book does not deal with the question of food alone, but with the mental and physical development of the child, and the relation that food bears to this process of development.

There is no greater evidence of the turn of fortune's wheel than that books on etiquette should find enough of a demand to create a constant supply of new writers and new books on the subject. Those to the manner born do not need instruction in the elements of the laws that govern refined society; instruction in the use of things the use of which is as natural as breathing, or the use of the senses. It is he who comes late in life to the inheritance of money or position who feels the pressure of ignorance and needs the printed guide for the maze of standards and things hitherto unknown. A new book on *Manners for Men* has made its appearance. It is written by "Madge" of London "Truth," Mrs. Humphry. The man with a good memory need never fail if he socially walks by the rules so carefully and laboriously explained. One suggestion is to supply a coachman of a hired

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vehicle with a bright-colored handkerchief, to be conspicuously displayed at night so that his "fare" would have no difficulty in discovering him. Why not a paper chrysanthemum? It would be more artistic and quite as conspicuous. Then, in the matter of conversation, "a light playfulness of fancy combined with the gentleness that carefully avoids wounding even the smallest is a high recommendation in society." Think of holding this ideal of charm before a man struggling with the question as to which arm he should give a lady to the dining-room, and the settling of the momentous question as to the order in which he should use his forks! (M. F. Mansfield, New York.)

Literary Notes

—It is reported that Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who has just returned from England, is engaged upon a dramatization of his novel "Soldiers of Fortune."

—It is announced that Sir Lewis Morris is to make a lecturing tour in this country, under the management of Major J. B. Pond, beginning early in November. Sir Lewis is the author of "The Epic of Hades," "Gwen," "Songs of Two Worlds," "Gycia," "A Vision of Saints," "Songs of Britain," and a large number of other works.

—Mrs. Steel, in a recent interview with an English journalist, had this to say about her life in the East: "I love India; it is there I am happiest, although duty keeps me here. I think I scarcely felt the climate; the doctors tell me I have a marvelous vitality, and I suppose it must be so, for I spent fourteen summers on the plains, and that is a record for an Englishwoman. What affects me most is the English east wind."

—Most of Mr. Will Bradley's work is so admirable that we may be excused for calling attention to it even when found in an advertising "booklet." Such art makes a result worthy of preservation by the recipient, and the Fowle Manufacturing Company could not have done better in calling attention to their goods than in offering to the public at the same time a description in text and picture of some quaint and historic places in Newburyport and vicinity.

—The Russian correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" gives the following account of the new Tolstoï novel, now in course of preparation:

The scene opens in a Russian law court, where a young woman is tried for theft and found guilty. During the trial one of the jury recognizes her as one whom he had known some years before, and whom he had betrayed and then deserted. As the judge pronounces a sentence of imprisonment on the unfortunate woman, the juryman feels that he is really the guilty person, and determines to make what amends he can. He visits the prisoner's cell and tells her of his intention, but she repulses him, saying her love has turned to hatred. Notwithstanding this, he accompanies her into exile in Siberia, sharing her hardships, and thus doing penance for his own sin.

—The Chicago "Record" says that the most expensive book ever published is the official history of the War of the Rebellion, which is now being issued by the Government of the United States, at a cost up to date of $2,334,328. Of this amount $1,184,291 has been paid for printing and binding. The remainder was expended for salaries, rent, stationery, and other contingent and miscellaneous expenses, and for the purchase of records from private individuals. The work will consist of 112 volumes. Copies are sent free to public libraries.

—Mr. S. R. Crockett, the well-known novelist, has done his best to rescue the fame of the literary agent from further calumny. He writes as follows to Mr. Watt: "You believed in my future when few did, and gave your time and thought with a generous liberality which I should be caitiff and recreant if I did not amply acknowledge. You took the burden of worry off my shoulders. I cannot think of anything more fortunate in my brief literary past than the fact that I had the unusual good sense to place my affairs, right from the beginning, in your capable and entirely faithful hands."

Books Received

For week ending August 13

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

The Advanced Music Reader. By Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. $1.

AUDUBON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Bradford, Mary Fluker. Audubon. $1.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE CO., NEW YORK

Van Dyke, Paul. (Introduction by Henry van Dyke.) The Age of the Renascence. $1.50.

FRANKLIN AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CLEVELAND, O.

Newton, B. Gwernydd. Glimpses of God.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Hempl, George, Ph.D. German Orthography and Phonology.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Wood, Frances Fisher. Infancy and Childhood. $1.

THE INLAND PUBLISHING CO., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Noble, Harriet. Literary Art.

M. F. MANSFIELD, 22 E. 16TH ST., NEW YORK

Humphry, Mrs. ("Madge" of "Truth.") Manners for Men. 50 cts.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, 1897.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Cornwell, William C. Sound Money Monographs. $1.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

A Thoughtless Seven. By the Author of "Probable Sons," etc. 50 cts.

Macgregor, M.A., Rev. G. H. C. A Holy Life and How to Live It. 50 cts.

Meyer, Rev. F. B. Saved and Kept. 50 cts.

THE ROYCROFT PRINTING SHOP, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Knapp, Adeline. Upland Pastures.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Kipling, Rudyard. The Second Jungle Book. Vol. VIII. of the Outward Bound Edition of Kipling's Works.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Brooks, Phillips. The Spiritual Life. 50 cts.

WILLIAM H. YOUNG & CO., NEW YORK

Smith, Rev. John Talbot, LL.D. Brother Azarias. $1.50.

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The Religious World

The Lambeth Conference

The Encyclical Letter communicating the result of the Conference (upon which we comment on another page) exalts the importance of developing unity of feeling among the churches in the communion of the Church of England. For this it is proposed to form a central consultative body for supplying information and advice, which it is hoped will win its way to recognition by its services to the Church. The formation of it has been, very naturally, committed to the Archbishop of Canterbury. This is much better than the scheme, to which the American bishops were especially opposed, to consolidate the Episcopal churches throughout the English-speaking countries under the primacy or patriarchate of the see of Canterbury. An illustration of the way in which the diocesan, as distinct from the parochial, episcopate originally arose, and subsequently the superior rank of the Bishop of Rome to all others, appears in the recommendation of a distinction between bishops and archbishops. This, however, need not now be feared on any historical ground:

> We desire to encourage the natural and spontaneous formation of provinces, so that no Bishop may be left to act absolutely alone; and we think it desirable that, in accordance with the ancient custom of the Western Church, the Metropolitans of these provinces should be known as Archbishops, recommending, however, that such titles should not be assumed without previous communication to the other Bishops of the communion with a view to general recognition. We think it would be well for the further consolidation of all provincial action that every Bishop at his consecration should take the oath of canonical obedience to his own Metropolitan, and that every Bishop consecrated in England under the Queen's mandate for service abroad should make a solemn declaration that he will pay all due honor and deference to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and will respect and maintain the spiritual rights and privileges of the Church of England, and of all churches in communion with her.

The industrial problems of the day received much discussion, but for particular counsels on the subject the Encyclical contents itself with reference to the full report of the committee. In general it briefly urges on employers and employed obedience to the great law of brotherhood, as the surest preventive of present evils. Intemperance, impurity, and the subject of marriage and divorce are likewise dealt with in general terms. "Religious communities," or orders, are favorably spoken of, but declared to be in need of more regulation to be in thorough harmony with the general work of the Church. As to the Book of Common Prayer, the Letter says that "next to the Bible itself, [it] is the authoritative standard of the doctrine of the Anglican Communion." . . . "Nevertheless, it is true that no book can supply every possible need of worshipers in every variation of local circumstances." The right of every Bishop is therefore affirmed, under limitations and safeguards which are mentioned,

> to set forth or to sanction additional services and prayers when he believes that God's work may be thereby furthered or the spiritual needs of the worshipers more fully met, and to adapt the prayers already in the book to the special requirements of his own people.

In close connection with this, the backwardness of theological study in many of the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain is dwelt upon, and its promotion is urged. Finally, by an expression of sympathy with "endeavors that are being made to escape from the usurped authority of the see of Rome" (in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Mexico, and elsewhere), a rebuke is administered to those Anglicans who dream of union with Rome. It is remarkable that the Encyclical does not think it worth while to mention that a committee has been appointed to retranslate the so-called Athanasian Creed, still used by the Church of England.

The Measure of Missionary Spirit

By F. W. Hewes

Inquiries relative to the article under the above title published in The Outlook of July 3 seem to call for fuller statement of certain points than the brief text of the article provided.

First—regarding the contributions included in the compilation. Missionary secretaries were asked for full records of all branches of missionary work in both the foreign and home divisions; for missionary work is one work, whether performed for the spread of the Gospel in home or foreign fields. To clearly understand what this includes it is necessary to call to mind the fact that in the case of the foreign field, almost without exception, all branches are still carried under a single board. That is, the moneys for transporting missionaries to their fields of labor, procuring their outfits of books, medicines, apparatus, tents, bedding, etc., providing buildings for schools and hospitals, meeting the expenses of publication and translation, and paying the salaries of missionaries and teachers, are all received and expended under one management.

In the case of home missionary work, especially in the larger churches, some of the branches, in later years at least, are separately organized. As common examples: Sunday-school work, Church Erection, Education, Relief for Disabled Ministers, Work among Freedmen—each collecting and disbursing the funds for its own particular division of the work. In case these, or any of them, or other branches, had been separately organized, their receipts were included, so far as obtainable, in order to make the compilation as

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full a record as possible of all contributions made in the missionary spirit; that is, in the spirit of making known the Gospel to others than ourselves. The entire compilation embraces the official records of fifty-six separate organizations, an average of nearly four for each denomination included.

Second—regarding the proof of larger contribution by later generations. There is reason for placing confidence in the records furnished by the several Missionary Secretaries. The first diagram of the article simply portrayed the annual aggregates of these records, but the second not only portrayed the ten-year averages, but gave the results in dollars. The correctness of the per capita and per wealth exhibits may be readily ascertained from "Study No. 2" by any reader who has access to the population and wealth reports of the United States Census, remembering, however, that the 1870 report of wealth is in currency values and must be reduced to specie value in the computation.

Third—touching the 1850 contribution of wealth according to the Census Report, which makes it greater than the 1890 contribution. It may be readily noted that the result is of itself so absurd as to plainly indicate some fundamental error, even if there were not the other evidence cited in the article. It certainly seems impossible that the contribution of the denominations represented in this compilation should have dropped from 22.1 per $1,000 of total wealth in 1850 to 15.4 in 1860, and then have gone on steadily outstripping wealth ever since. From the writer's experience with the estimates of wealth previous to 1860 (the first satisfactory census report of wealth) in relation to general material progress, he is personally convinced that the 1850 report of wealth was much too small; the 1840 estimate somewhat too small; and the 1830 and 1820 estimates too large. Although no variations from the 1820 and 1830 per wealth contributions were indicated in "Study No. 4," yet it is altogether probable that the 1820 contribution was much nearer five cents than one cent; and the 1830 much nearer nine cents than seven cents.

Fourth—touching the denominational records. The compiler does not recall a single instance in which he was not assured by those furnishing the records that they did not fully represent the contributions of the denomination. It was for this reason that the article under consideration expressly stated that the answer to the question of denominational sharing in the work was given "so far as the records provide it." It is proper to state just here, however, that two vexatious errors in copying figures from one computation sheet to another were at last overlooked, and resulted in giving two denominations a larger credit than the records entitled them to. The average annual contribution of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church should have been given as $46,660, instead of $466,600. That of the Reformed Church in the United States should have been $160,370 instead of $274,060, which erroneously includes the record of the American Tract Society. In this latter case the error also affects the contribution for each $100 of church property (which it did not in the former case), making it $2.01 instead of $3.44, while the contribution per member is reduced to 79 cents in place of $1.34.

Finally—the reader should keep in mind that the records of these fourteen denominations constitute only a representative history. The full contribution of all denominations would be very much greater, though it included only obtainable records; and if it were possible to include all gifts made in the missionary spirit, it would be much larger still. It is probable, however, that, even if compiled, the complete history would show little difference as to growth, and that is the chief knowledge sought in this instance.

The fourteen denominations are so prominent and their missionary work so important as to be fully representative in the matter of growth. Therefore, if it be possible for records to prove anything, these records prove that the missionary spirit has greatly surpassed the growth of both population and wealth in the United States.

There are men who are spiritually blind. Having learned a theological dogma in their youth, they accept no interpretation which denies their tradition. So, also, there are men who are mathematically blind. Having met certain statements in past years, whether relating to employment, prosperity, or missions, they utterly refuse to accept any proof of error in those statements, no matter how strong the proof or how positively actual records disprove their positions. In spite, however, of all these disjointed conditions of belief, facts do not dodge or bend, nor progress cease nor the years roll backward.

Church Government Reform

There is every evidence of the beginning of a general movement among Catholic laymen in America to widen their influence in the temporal affairs of the Church, and to determine definitely just what their rights and powers are. Nowhere has this movement been more pronounced, and the issue between laity and clergy more closely drawn, than in the appeal of the Catholic laity of Fort Dodge from the action of Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, now pending before Mgr. Martinelli. Fort Dodge had the strongest and most prosperous Catholic congregation in Iowa. Father T. M. Lenihan, now Bishop of Cheyenne, was their pastor the twenty-five years preceding his consecration, February 24, 1897. Following Bishop Lenihan's appointment and before the naming of his successor, Archbishop Hennessy divided the Fort Dodge parish into three, and sent Father Heelan, rector of the Dubuque Cathedral, to take charge of one of the new divisions, instructing him to build a new church at once. The people of Fort Dodge manifested

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true American independence, and passed resolutions forming an organization to prevent what they considered usurpation of their civil rights. They claimed that the church was still ample for their needs, and that to deprive those in the newly instituted parishes of the use of that church property, without first obtaining their consent, was robbing them of the equity which they, as a people, had in $100,000 of church property. The Hon. M. D. O'Connell, Solicitor of the United States Treasury Department, acted as leader of the people, and the matter was carried from Vicar-General Ryan to Archbishop Hennessy, and from him to Mgr. Martinelli, Papal Ablegate at Washington; here the appeal now rests pending the presentation of written briefs. The decision, as determining an important question of church government, will be awaited with interest. Such spirited opposition from their people has never before been encountered by the Catholic clergy in America. When the division at Fort Dodge was followed by Archbishop Hennessy's attack on the public schools, a prominent Catholic interested in the appeal exclaimed: "If we are to be put in conflict with American institutions, and are to have no voice in the temporal affairs of the Church, then we are not free men, and it is a good Church to get out of." Shortly after the beginning of the Fort Dodge trouble a parish at Des Moines was divided without consulting the people, but at the first murmur of disapproval the matter was checked.

The Power of the Gospel

There is not a better illustration of the power of the Gospel of Christ to redeem, socially, mentally, morally, and spiritually, than that of the Five Points Mission Work in New York City. In 1844 a few determined Christian women banded themselves together to devise some means for bettering the condition of the slum children and the general state of affairs in the neighborhood. They secured the "Old Brewery" at Five Points as their mission building, and with the following objects the New York Ladies' Home Missionary Society has carried on the work for more than fifty years. First—To employ missionaries to labor among the poor in the Five Points neighborhood. Second—To provide food, clothing, and other necessities. Third—To educate poor children and provide for their comfort and welfare. Fourth—To provide a school for poor children, and to perform kindred acts of charity. As a result fifty years' time has witnessed marvelous changes. In place of ignorance, disgrace, and crime, for which Five Points was noted a half-century ago, there are hundreds of bright-faced, happy boys and girls in the Mission and House of Industry, representing eighteen nationalities. Almost every child is clothed by the Mission, whose Christlike messengers visit the destitute homes in that locality on errands of mercy and goodness. And by all means they are trying to inculcate American principles, and to teach the wronged and wretched products of slumdom that there is a nobler and truer life than Mulberry Bend yet knows.

Notes

The Rev. William Gardner Tuttle (Congregational), of Worcester, Mass., died in that city on August 5.

Our attention has been called to the fact that in speaking of the excellent work done at Kyoto, Japan, by Dr. M. L. Gordon, we classed it as a "settlement." Strictly speaking, it is not a settlement; the work does include, however, in addition to ordinary mission work, that of a kindergarten, night schools, etc.

The librarian of St. Paul's, London, has in his keeping very many interesting documents, among others a deed of gift from King Ethelbert of a farm in Kent, which he made over to St. Paul's at a time when the Cathedral was but an insignificant structure of wood. The rent from the land is received to this day.

So far as is known, the first time when a Roman Catholic dignitary of the highest rank has been seen at Lambeth Palace since the Churches of England and Rome ceased to be in communion was a few weeks ago. There was a not unnatural sensation when Cardinal Vaughan appeared at the Archbishop of Canterbury's garden party. The two prelates are understood to hold each other in peculiar esteem.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Adelbert College of Western Reserve University (Cleveland, O.) desires to be of service to all incoming Freshmen. If men will send to either of the undersigned their addresses, together with their wishes as to rooms, board, and other matters, endeavors will be made to serve them. The Association wishes to help at the beginning of the college courses of the new men. A copy of the Handbook will be sent to any one who asks for it. Charles J. Wehr, President; Harry A. Haring, Chairman of Students' Committee.

The "Church Economist" says: "Bishop James N. FitzGerald, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been elected Superintendent of Ocean Grove as successor of the late Dr. E. H. Stokes, possesses many special qualifications for the peculiar position he is called upon to fill. Before his election to the episcopacy, which occurred in 1888, he was the Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and before that was a presiding elder in the Newark Conference, of which he was for many years a conspicuous member. He was for several years the President of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has traveled extensively throughout the world in the discharge of his episcopal duties. The interests of Ocean Grove are very diversified, but he will be found equal to all the demands of the situation."

The Rev. Peter Randolph, the oldest colored clergyman in New England both as regards age and service, died recently in Charlestown, Mass. We find the following account of his life in the New York "Sun:" He was born a slave seventy-two years ago on the plantation of Carter H. Edloe, of Upper Brandon, Prince George County, Va. His father was a slave-driver, and died when Peter was about ten years old. When seventeen, Peter taught himself to read and write by tracing letters on the ground. When he arrived in Charlestown he was twenty-seven, and he brought with him his wife and child. He began at once to turn his attention to bringing out of slavery others of his race in Virginia. He soon became well known to the Abolitionists, and he stood as high in their estimation as did Louis Hayden. In 1847 he found fourteen colored people worshiping in a hall on Belknap Street, now Joy Street, and he organized them into what is known to-day as the Twelfth Baptist Church. From that church he was licensed to preach as a Baptist minister. He had the record of founding and preaching in more Baptist churches than any other Baptist clergyman in New England.

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Correspondence

President Andrews; "The Other Side"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Certain members of the Faculty of Brown University sent a protest to the Corporation, begging that body not to accept the resignation of President Andrews recently tendered. This protest was circulated among the alumni as a campaign document. It concluded with a warm tribute to Dr. Andrews and to the vindication of free speech, and with a noble saying, "The life-blood of a university is not money, but freedom." To these things all will agree.

The main contention of the protest is that teachers should teach free of all restraint from institutions or communities, and this especially considering our last Presidential campaign, and the whole question of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

Historical parallels cannot be exact or absolute, but we have a fair illustration in recent experience. Would these professors assert that any President of a Northern college would have been allowed, after Fort Sumter was attacked—had he the virtues of an Arnold or a Wayland—to utter the principles or commend the practice of secession? Does the youngest of these professors imagine that any community in those days would have allowed any professor to speak *ex cathedra* on any matters endangering the life of the State? Is man made for a college, or are colleges made for man?

Query 2, page 9, of the protest, contains this remarkable view of ethics and practical politics, as evolved by these circumstances. It denies that "the free coinage of silver is a moral question." Remember, coinage at 16 to 1, the actual ratio being 32 a year since and now above 35 to 1, which would and must bring depreciation of contracts and general destruction of credit. Statesmen and men of affairs have always distrusted the academic method and spirit when applied to the administration of affairs.

> That new-discarded Academician,
> Who, for he could cry Ergo in the school,
> Straightway with his huge judgment dares control
> Whatsoe'er he views.

On page 9 we have the academic love of technical distinctions worked out to absurdity. "The most expert and trusted of those professors of political economy who take the opposite side of the silver question from that sustained by Dr. Andrews would, we are confident, unite in declaring that it is a question of public policy, which, whatever its moral element, is open to discussion in the same sense as other questions of public policy."

Do these professors mean what they say and deliberately infer concerning "public affairs" as affected by the silver question and the Presidential canvass, in which Dr. Andrews meddled by his letters backing coinage at 16 to 1! Our academicians perceive no ethics involved, but only a free fight between quibbling schools of political economy. The better elements of our country held the matter to be the fierce throes of a mortal struggle. Europe responded, treating the result as a moral victory recorded in political terms by a great nation.

The minor parts of this unfortunate contest affecting the University must now be merged in the larger issue forced upon us. The manner, the unhappy publicity, the particular details of dollars and cents, discussed with Dr. Andrews—all this has become of minor importance in the issue entailed on the alumni and Corporation of Brown University.

The freedom of speech of teachers is not the largest question involved for all friends of education, however ingeniously the protesting members of the Faculty may argue. The integrity of the Nation is assailed. Did Dr. Andrews—innocent though he might be—violate the moral sense of the community and constituency of Brown University when he avowed himself a promoter of free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, and insisted on promoting it, with its necessary degradation of credit and inevitable cataclysm of values? I hold there can be only one answer to this question, put by Dr. Andrews himself to the party of order in the United States.

No friend of education can suffer more than the present writer in this contingency. No one better appreciates Dr. Andrews in his generous nature, his magnanimous impulses and great capacity in many directions; nor more regrets his conspicuous lack of judgment. To the moderate request of the Committee of the Corporation, not for "renunciation" of his views, but "forbearance in expression," he replies by precipitating a resignation. He has forced the issue, and leaves but one way out.

ALUMNUS.

Mr. Bellamy's "Equality"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Nineteenth-century novels are so copiously spiced with various brogues conventionally rendered that a delicate differentiation of speech and manner among people of education and refinement passes for sameness. To some of us the few characters introduced in Mr. West's experiences of a fortnight, as related in "Equality," have a pleasant personality. I do not imagine that regular novel-readers made much of the economics taught in "Looking Backward," or that the best economists will find the lively conversations in "Equality" distasteful, unless they have a disrelish for the main doctrine. Is it fair to judge the book primarily as a novel?

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The Outlook says that the former book "stirred the consciences of hundreds of thousands of readers respecting the evils of existing economic conditions." Such readers care more to learn further concerning the social application of the Golden Rule, which is destined to put an end to those economic evils, than to find out whether Julian and Edith "were married and lived happy ever after." The few incidents related are interesting, and lighten the economics for the general reader.

I was one of a group in which "Equality" was read aloud, with unabated interest throughout on the part of each one. The trained nurse was suddenly summoned to a case as we reached the last chapter, and seemed to regret nothing else so much as leaving that chapter unread. As we sat down to the last reading, two visitors from another city arrived, and protested that no entertainment could suit them better than to hear that chapter about "The Book of the Blind," or any other chapter written by Mr. Bellamy on his general topic. The main part of our reading was done by a young man who had said the day before the reading began that he did not believe in the justice of economic equality. He had just fortified himself by a careful reading of Small and Vincent's "Introduction to the Study of Society;" but I imagine it did not apply very well to this study of society. Our reader seemed to give close attention to the arguments, and if he disagreed with them he did not show it. The day after we had finished the first reading he found me with the book open at the first chapter, and asked, "Are you going to read the book again?" "Yes," I said, "very carefully." "So am I," said he, "as soon as I have time." I felt that each of our group might say, "Did not our hearts burn within us" as we heard the Gospel of Christ in its social application?

Your reviewer gives an instance of what he calls "ill-advised" economics in the mouths of twentieth-century school-children—the explanation of periods of depression as resulting from the fact that laborers, getting as wages only a small portion of the value of their work, cannot buy back enough of their various products to create an effective demand for them, resulting in what is absurdly called overproduction and consequent depression. But "the capitalist's expenditures create as great a demand for products as the laborer's," you say. If nineteenth-century economists really mean to say that a few capitalists with their families "consume" as many pairs of American shoes or yards of cotton cloth as the thousands of those employed in the shoe and cotton factories, with their families, would use if they could buy them, I think I would prefer to take my economics from twentieth-century school-children.

After all, your critic says in a nutshell what he more than failed to say in the paragraphs preceding, in this very true and comprehensive remark about Mr. Bellamy's last volume: "In his Utopia the Christian religion is not merely professed, but felt." Is not this a consummation devoutly to be wished? F. E. R.

The Sparrow, the Trotting Horse, and the Rabbit

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I noticed in The Outlook of August 14 Mr. Puddefoot's letter championing that pugnacious pest, the sparrow (*Passer domesticus*).

Cottage City must be a remarkable town to have such an unusual influence on the sparrow as to make him live in peace and harmony with migrating and resident birds. I have yet to hear of a city of any size of which that can be said. Has Mr. Puddefoot made it a study for several, or even one year? "It is a clear case of the survival of the fittest." That also applies to the hordes of rabbits in Australia—all descendants of importations. As to the sparrow being economic, let Mr. Puddefoot read Dr. Coues's work on the subject, and data gathered by specialists connected with the Department of Agriculture, all of which are authentic, the reports of food eaten being the result of the examination of thousands of *Passer domesticus* stomachs collected at all seasons of the year, from all sections of the United States east of the Plains.

As to remarks about the "trotting horse," who ever said the "horse" was indigenous to America? And who can or would attempt to prove that the "*trotting* horse" is not? What country developed the gait that until comparatively recently was despised in all but the draft horse? In what country have millions and millions of dollars been spent solely to develop the steadiest of all gaits of the quadruped, the trot? Ever since there were any real roads in America it has been the pride and ambition of horsemen to increase the speed and endurance of the horse at its most serviceable gait—the "trot." W. B. H.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

A skeptic here declares that Jesus did not know any more about the physical sciences than other men of his day; that he did not understand the real cause or prevention of disease; that he did not know that there was or ever could be such a thing as an anæsthetic, or spectacles, or a microscope; that he did not know the shape of the earth, or suspect the existence of the American Continent. I tell him that Jesus did not come to teach the physical sciences, but spiritual truths; and he replies that if he did not know the common things about the earth, he does not see how he can be sure that he knows about heaven. Please tell me how I can answer such a man. P. W. S.

1. Show him the difference between knowledge and wisdom. Some men, with great knowledge

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of other things, have been so ignorant of human nature as to be childishly devoid of wisdom, learned fools. Others, with little knowledge, have been the wisest advisers. 2. Some ancient Greeks, with less knowledge of facts than our school-children have, studied human nature so well that they are still reckoned as among the world's wisest sages, and are followed as masters. Wisdom is pre-eminently a knowledge of the depths of human nature. 3. It so appeared in Jesus. He has told us nothing about heaven as a place to be known in the same sense as the earth is known, but much about heaven as the perfected condition of human nature, and how to attain it through cultivation of the divine possibilities of our nature. Such a heaven he disclosed by revealing men's latent capabilities for it. For this he was abundantly qualified through the wisdom which consisted, first, in his knowledge of himself and of man's moral nature, as related to the Universal Moral Nature which we name *God*. The highest maxim of human philosophy was inscribed over the Greek temple of Delphi, "Know Thyself." If your friend will make a serious business of that branch of knowledge, he will become wiser in the discovery of some depths in himself as yet unknown to him. Then he will not be long in recognizing the superior wisdom of Jesus, and his need to draw from it.

1. Have we any reasons for believing that there are beings in the universe superior to man? If so, will you kindly give us those reasons, especially those derived from the Bible? 2. Who is the Thomas Young referred to on page 58 of Dr. Strong's "New Era"?

W. D.

1. The spectroscope shows us that the chemical elements of our world are present in the starry worlds. Analogy compels us to believe that the mental and moral nature which exists in this world exists likewise in other worlds, in forms of life varied to correspond with the environment. Whether such beings are superior to the inhabitants of this world is unknowable. The Bible refers to angels (signifying "messengers") as superior to men (2 Peter ii., 11; see other citations in a concordance). The mental and moral nature, whether of men or angels, terrestrial or super-terrestrial, is doubtless essentially the same, but in many grades of development elsewhere the same as here. 2. An English physician born in 1773, died 1829. He was distinguished for proficiency alike in languages, mathematics, and science. His most important contribution to science was in establishing the undulatory theory of light by his discovery, announced in 1802, of what is known as "interference," an effect of the diffraction, or bending, of the rays. He also in 1818 discovered the principle by which the interpretation of hieroglyphics has been achieved.

1. What are the Jews supposed to have meant when they said, "We are Abraham's seed, and never have been in bondage to any man"? They had endured three captivities, and were then a tributary province. 2. How are Christ's words to Peter interpreted by those who do not acknowledge the claims of the Apostolic succession: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church"? I do not accept that doctrine; neither can I reconcile the passage with other sayings of Christ.

H.

1. It was so obviously false to the historical and actual facts, in an external point of view, that it could be a rational utterance only with reference to the unsubdued spirit of the people. That the Jews were a free-spirited people there is abundant proof. 2. They hold that Simon, in reaching the truth that Jesus was the Son of God, had planted himself upon the rock (Greek *petra*) of faith, and hence was surnamed Peter (Greek *Petros*), *i. e.*, the Rock-man. In accordance with this they hold that Jesus meant that his church was founded, not on Peter and his successors, but on the rock-faith on which Peter himself was the first to be established. This view accords best with the promise in the context that the church should be invincible. So the Apostolic teaching is that the church prevails through its faith (1 John v., 4).

Is there anything in the rules or usages of the Congregational churches which opposes the renting or letting of their buildings to religious societies not looked upon as orthodox? For instance, the Christian Scientists of a certain place wish to rent the lecture-room of the only church in the place (the Congregational). Is there anything in the general rules of the Church that opposes it?

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Such cases are not covered by any hard and fast rule, but are usually left to the discretion of the Trustees or Committee of the church. It often occurs, as when a congregation is burned out, that a Congregational church, through a vote of its Committee, or sometimes of the church meeting, offers the temporary use of its house to a church not recognized as orthodox.

1. Please give the titles of one or two of the best accounts of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. 2. Can you inform me whether an English translation of Storm's "Immensee" is to be found on any publisher's list in this country?

A. A. L.

1. We advise you to read G B. Malleson's "The Indian Mutiny" (Charles Scribner's Sons), W. F. Mitchell's "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny" (Henry Holt & Co.), and Mrs. Steel's novel "On the Face of the Waters" (The Macmillan Company, New York). 2. Henry Holt & Co., of this city, publish a translation at 20 cents.

In the latter part of July the following advertisement appeared in the London "Times:"

TO AMERICANS.—To be SOLD, the best authenticated HOUSE of GEORGE WASHINGTON, near Banbury, consisting of an ancient manor-house, containing seven bedrooms, three reception-rooms, kitchen, and offices; stabling and outbuildings, and a farm let off and producing £195 per annum, comprising in all about 210 acres. The Freehold to be Sold for a very moderate sum.

Concerning which the "Critic" remarks: "As the Island of Barbados was the only foreign land ever visited by Washington, it would have been wiser to address the above advertisement 'To

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the Marines' instead of 'To Americans.' The manor-house is probably the one that Washington's ancestors occupied."

About People

—Mr. Edward Marsden is a Tsimpshean Indian of southern Alaska, and is not an Eskimo, as The Outlook lately stated. He is by trade a steamship engineer and machinist; and, after he graduated from Marietta College in 1895, has been studying theology and law in Cincinnati. Next spring he returns to Alaska as a preacher, educator, and adviser to his people.

—Mrs. Blunt, the mother of the Bishop of Hull, celebrated King George III.'s jubilee as the guest of her great-grandmother, the widow of a Hampshire squire, who was born in the reign of Queen Anne. Thus two lives span the interval between the beginning of the last century and the present year. Mrs. Blunt is ninety-five years old, and has celebrated the two jubilees of Queen Victoria as well as that of George III.

—It is reported that Mr. Herbert Spencer, always sensitive to noises, was recently maddened by the performance of a cock that crowed inconceivably early. It occurred to him that if the cock were tied by the legs to its perch it would be unable to crane itself up for the act of crowing. So the great philosopher got up, and with his pocket-handkerchief tied the bird firmly to its perch, and then went back again to bed. Whether the cock went on crowing is not recorded, but Mr. Spencer, confident in the soundness of his theory, slept.

—"Oliver Wendell Holmes," says the Boston "Globe," "son of the poet, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, is so generally known as Judge Holmes that nobody ever thinks of referring to him as 'Colonel' Holmes. He is entitled, however, to that appellation. His record during the war is full of the most exciting incidents. He was wounded severely four times, and for each wound he received a title. He was made Captain of the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry first, and for gallant and meritorious services at Ball's Bluff was created Major. For gallant and meritorious services at Antietam he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, and for gallant and meritorious services at Chancellorsville they made him a Colonel."

—According to "Household Words," the late Professor Jowett, during his connection with Balliol College, had occasion to visit some of the farms belonging to the college near the Scottish borders. One of the leading tenants, a sturdy borderer of the Dandie Dinmont order, was deputed to take the Professor around. And a long tramp they had together over the hills, in the course of which Jowett uttered not a word, while the farmer was too much stricken with awe to venture a remark. But when the walk was almost done, the Professor was roused to speech. Looking over a stone wall at a goodly field of vivid green, he abruptly said: "Fine potatoes." Quoth the farmer: "Yon's turmets." Not a word more was spoken between them.

—Captain Patrick Henry Ray, who has been detailed to command the new military post at Circle City, Alaska, has a good record as a soldier and explorer. He took part in many of the battles of the Civil War. In 1872–3 he was a member of General Stanley's expeditions to the Yellowstone. In 1881 he was assigned to the command of the International Polar Expedition. He established and commanded the meteorological station at Uglamie, Alaska. He made expeditions into the interior during that time, traveling over one thousand miles with dogs and sledge in an unexplored region. After discovering and partly surveying Meade River, he picked up Lieutenant Schwatka and party.

—The Paris "Gaulois" tries to confute the prevalent notion that prominent painters have prodigious incomes. It gives the example of M. Puvis de Chavannes. Though he has executed many important public commissions, "his income during the thirty-seven years of his artistic career, as calculated by himself, has aggregated only 392,000 francs, or $78,400, being an average of a little over $2,000 a year. The two magnificent canvases at Marseilles, at the Longchamp Palace, brought him only $2,000. The four symbolic paintings he made for Lyons were bought for $8,000. The enormous panel at the Sorbonne, in Paris, was worth to him only $7,000. The 'Saint Geneviève' at the Pantheon, representing several years of his labor, cost the Government $10,000."

—French papers are telling a story of Rosa Bonheur and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. In the course of his last visit to Paris the Grand Duke attended a dinner, and had the famous painter on his right hand. They became the best of friends, the Grand Duke declaring that he had not enjoyed conversing with a woman so much in a long time. Before they arose from the table they had, in fact, eaten a philopena, and Mlle. Bonheur won. "What can I give you, Mademoiselle, which will really give you pleasure?" asked his Imperial Highness. "I cannot deny my weakness," was the reply; "any little animal which I can use as a model will be welcome." Several months went by, and Mlle. Bonheur had begun to believe that the promise had been forgotten, when a few days ago three mighty white bears arrived as the payment of the penalty!

—"John Green Grady, of Indiana, who has been appointed Governor of Alaska," says the San Francisco "Argonaut," "never knew his parents. He grew up a veritable street arab, in the utmost poverty. In 1860 he was sent to Indiana with a carload of waifs. The car reached

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